THE LIVING AGE

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for May, 1936

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THE GUIDE POST

THIS ISSUE of THE LIVING AGE, which is scheduled to make its appearance on the very day on which France goes to the polls to elect a new Parliament, has as its leading group two articles on the working of French democracy today. Though they come respectively from a Radical and a conservative source, these two articles both take a cynical view of the present situation. The first, by Francis Delaisi (whose analysis of the Bank of France we published last September), tells how France's 'Two Hundred,' its 'economic oligarchy,' manage to rule both through and in spite of the democratic machinery set up in 1870. France, says Mr. Delaisi, is a nation with two governments, a political government responsible to the people, and an economic government responsible to no one but itself. [p. 197]

THE other article, or sketch, is by Charles Odet, and comes from the conservative weekly *Candide*. It describes the adventures of an imaginary hero who decides to run for Parliament. Though they are disguised as humor, its darts strike their mark, and the total effect is at least as damaging to French parliamentary democracy as is Mr. Delaisi's more sober study. [p. 204]

THERE follow two English essays on literary subjects of the widest possible divergence. Mr. William Nuttall, writing of literature with the conscious prejudices which a working-class and Socialist childhood have ingrained on a sensitive mind, asks whether all the great English writers of the past were not themselves upperclass-conscious in effect. [p. 209]

AND Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, an American expatriate who was educated at Haverford College, Harvard, and Oxford, and who has long been known for his wit, his social satire, and his championship of a polished literary style, writes on the word 'sentimental.' [p. 214]

WITH each passing month, the relations between Japan and the Soviet Union become more menacing, and the threat of war in the Far East more real. *The Yellow Terror* describes some of the secret Fascist societies which are ceaselessly at work in Japan trying to drive the moderates from power and to set up a government which will unleash the dogs of Asiatic war. [p. 218]

AND when—and if—this war comes, what will it be like? Who will attack, and where? Where will the major battles occur? With which side will the advantage lie? These are the questions which the Harbin correspondent of the *China Weekly Review* put to an anonymous military expert, eliciting the answers which go to make up *The Coming War in the East*. [p. 222]

IT HAS COME to be pretty generally accepted since Hitler sent the Reichswehr into the Rhineland that he decided to do so in order to silence with a grandiose gesture the growing opposition to his régime. But very little specific information about that opposition has been forthcoming. We therefore translate from *Blut und Boden*, a German magazine now suppressed, an article *by a Nazi* in which a number of very serious charges are laid against the National Socialist Government. This article was but one indication among many of the way the wind was blowing in the days before March 7. [p. 237]

(*Continued on page 282*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

WHAT APPEARED to be vacillation on the part of the British dominated the European crisis during the weeks that followed Hitler's remilitarization of the Rhineland. Because British public opinion is split from top to bottom, the policy of the British Cabinet and the British Foreign Office was generally interpreted as an accurate reflection of that widespread indecision. Actually, however, British policy has deliberately and consistently followed a pro-German course, and there is far more powerful support for a continuance of this line than there was for a pro-German line before the last war. Beginning at the very top, the new King does not inherit his grandfather's savage anti-German bias, nor yet his father's partiality for France, the result of wartime experience.

Georges Boris, editor of the Paris Radical weekly, *Lumière*, has listed eight reasons for England's refusal to support France in the Rhineland crisis: 1. ignorance; 2. anti-French sentiment; 3. pro-German sentiment; 4. heavy financial interest in Germany; 5. isolationism; 6. pacifism; 7. consciousness of Britain's military weakness; 8. belief that the Third Reich is about to collapse anyway.

Most of these reasons can be dismissed as difficult of analysis or measurement. But there is nothing mysterious or unreal about the Anglo-German Fellowship, which is composed of important financiers and industrialists who believe that Hitler has an 'unanswerable case.'

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Here are some of their more distinguished members, who attended a dinner on December 9, 1935, to launch a loan for Hitler in London:—

Right Honorable Lord Mount Temple—Chairman of the anti-Socialist Union, and son-in-law of Sir Ernest Cassel. He is backed by certain leaders of British monopolist and finance capital, among them being Arthur Guinness (Guinness, Mahon and Company, bankers), and E. W. D. Tennant (International Diatomite Company Limited, Palestine Potash Limited, three other directorships, and Honorary Secretary of the Fellowship).

Frank Cyril Tiarks—J. Henry Schroder's, the Anglo-German bankers, the Bank of England and the Anglo-Persian Oil Company.

Andrew Agnew—Shell-Mex and B.P., Limited, Anglo-Persian Oil Company and seventy-two other companies—mostly foreign oil.

Lord Barnby—Lloyd's Bank, Dawnay Day and Company, private bankers, two sugar beet companies, and leader of the recent F.B.I. delegation to Manchuria.

P. J. Calvocoressi—Ralli Brothers Limited.

F. D'Arcy Cooper—Unilever Limited, Lever Brothers Limited, MacFisheries Limited, and the Niger Company Limited.

Sir Robert Kindersley—Lazard Brothers Limited, private bankers, and the Bank of England.

Sir Harry McGowan—Imperial Chemical Industries Limited, International Nickel Company of Canada, the Midland Bank, the British Overseas Bank.

Lord Charles Montagu—Stockbroker, director of Anglo-French Banking Corporation Limited.

Sir Josiah Stamp—President of the London Midland and Scottish Railway and the Abbey Road Building Society, director of the Bank of England.

IN VIEW of this impressive array it is not difficult to account for the almost unanimous support that the British press has given Hitler. From the Laborite *Daily Herald* to Lady Houston's *Saturday Review*, which usually calls Stanley Baldwin a Communist, the overwhelming majority of newspapers and magazines urged sympathy for Hitler. J. L. Garvin, whose *Observer* has championed Mussolini for the past six months, came out almost as strongly for Hitler, and the Conservative *Sunday Times* said: 'Hitler's offers, if they are sound, offer the best chance—perhaps the only chance—for establishing peace at any rate in Western Europe for a generation, the best hope of delivering the people from their fear of the terror that flies by night, and a whole host of other practical and collateral advantages.'

According to the *Week*, a multigraphed news-letter whose pro-Soviet sympathies sometimes lead it into wishful thinking, the British Foreign Office, working through the proprietors of the various London papers, censored the alarmist stories that were written on every hand when the news of the occupation of the Rhineland was first released. In consequence, while Paris and every other diplomatic center interpreted Hitler's move as the most serious crisis since 1914, the London papers did

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not express as much nervousness as they showed last October when the British Navy concentrated in the Mediterranean. Only the Communist organs, which reach only a handful of the total population, called for action against Germany; every other paper either praised Hitler's initiative or expressed mortal terror lest he unleash the dogs of war at once.

ONE OUTCOME of the British Government's rearmament program must be a drive toward greater economic self-sufficiency all along the line. Francis Williams, financial editor of the Laborite *Daily Herald*, points out that Germany's rearmament started the country on the road to autarky and war and draws this parallel for Great Britain:—

> Our economic system, like that of Germany, will tend increasingly to have that one objective of military preparedness, to become more and more the economy of a beleaguered citadel.
>
> Peace and true prosperity can only be secured by the greater willingness of nations to trade with one another. But war preparations on such a scale must drive us inevitably in the other direction economically—toward a greater self-sufficiency for fear that the development of international trade will mean dependence upon potential enemies.
>
> When once one accepts, as this Government appears to have done, the fatalistic belief that war is inevitable and begins to plan logically from that premise, we embark inevitably upon a policy which increases economic conflict internationally, reduces world trade, and forces nations more and more into a suspicious isolation. And all these bring steadily nearer the war that is feared.

No sooner had this analogy appeared in print than an editorial in the *Statist* on 'The Chemical Industry and Defense' confirmed it to the hilt:—

> From the manufacturing side of the defense program, it is therefore quite understandable that there will be an increased direct demand for chemicals, especially as the recent *White Paper* anticipates the building up of reserve supplies of ammunition and similar stores as distinct from the manufacture of true armaments and mechanical war equipment. But inasmuch as many of the chemical works in this country are still operating below capacity, much of the increased demand for chemicals could be handled without difficulty. In other words, the industry may enjoy a period of pleasant prosperity without undue exertion, though some slight production pressure may be experienced in those sections which provide chemicals for the manufacture of explosives and anti-gas material. A very large increase in the production of chemicals would, however, only be necessary if war was imminent or broke out, and it is in this direction that we must look for a greater direct bearing of the new defense policy upon the chemical industry.

The membership of Sir Harry McGowan, chairman of the board of Imperial Chemical Industries, in the Anglo-German Fellowship thus assumes a familiar significance, since it is Germany's preparation for war that gave England an excuse for following a similar policy.

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WHILE THE TORY DIE-HARDS of Great Britain urge their Government to support Hitler, the militant nationalists of France attack Premier Sarraut for having finally concluded the Franco-Soviet treaty. On January 28, while this issue was still being debated, the nationalist weekly *Candide* prophesied that 'the ratification of the Franco-Russian pact will lead automatically to the remilitarization of the Rhineland.' And now Pierre Gaxotte apostrophizes the entire Popular Front of Communists, Socialists, and Radicals in the columns of *Je Suis Partout:*—

> For five months you tried to starve Italy and defeat its armies in Ethiopia. You called Mussolini a tyrant, torturer, butcher, assassin of Matteotti. And now you are supplicating him to come to our defense. Don't you remember that you had no use for him five months ago? Didn't you know that in weakening Italy you were weakening the resistance to Germany? No? You didn't? Excuse me. I understand. You were counting on Mr. Tukhachevski's parachutists.

The opponents of the Popular Front labor two points. First they maintain that the Franco-Soviet pact will lead to a German attack on France. In the words of Mr. Gaxotte 'it led Hitler back to an hypothesis that he himself caressed [*sic*]: to capture Russian soil he would first have to annihilate France, and to get to Moscow he would first have to take Paris.'

The second complaint against the Popular Front is that it will plunge France into civil war. Pierre Dominique, writing in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, argues that a mechanical transfer of the Spanish technique of the Popular Front to France can lead only to disaster, and he prophesies the desertion of many Radicals if the French Popular Front establishes a Leftist Government after the May elections. More than a third of the Radicals supported Laval to the bitter end, and most of their leaders, as well as many of the peasants and shopkeepers who make up the rank and file, will hesitate to follow Socialists and Communists toward revolution.

ALTHOUGH MR. DOMINIQUE once classed himself as a liberal, his anti-Soviet bias, which gives rise to these alarmist prophecies, puts him in a more conservative position today than that of Pertinax, veteran contributor to the Clerical *Echo de Paris*. To Pertinax Germany will always be the enemy, and he is only too eager to support Stalin if in that way he can lay Hitler low. In arriving at this conclusion, however, he insists that Stalin has turned conservative with the passing years; he traces this transformation back to 1925, when the Soviet Union and Turkey pledged each other not to take any diplomatic initiative apart from one another. This marked the beginning of Russia's reversion to home politics and the abandonment of a purely revolutionary foreign policy, and it bore fruit in October, 1934, when Kemal proposed to concentrate troops in Thrace just after the murder of King Alexander of

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Yugoslavia. This gesture informed the Little Entente nations that they could count on the Turkish-Russian coalition to stand by in case of trouble, and as a result, Pertinax writes:—

> If the Little Entente tomorrow had to decide between allegiance to France and allegiance to Russia, the latter would surely rank foremost in its mind. The practical result is that either France must reach an understanding with Russia or give up all her political authority and influence in central and eastern Europe.

Pertinax also reports a corresponding decline of revolutionary activity in France on the part of the Comintern:—

> If the highest military and police authorities are to be believed, the Moscow propaganda in France has subsided, if not disappeared, since 1932. I am told that in 1934 150 cases of incitement to disobedience were recorded in the French army, and that in 1935 that figure had shrunk to less than 10.

The whole question, however, boils down to whether Russia or Germany represents the greater immediate threat to France, and Pertinax offers this answer:—

> I personally believe, and French diplomats as a body believe, that the German peril comes first. Moreover, the Russian threat to social order does not arise from Moscow's alleged transfer of funds and the sending out of propagandists, but from the example set by a revolutionary régime which at last has succeeded in solving some of its problems, in creating a heavy industry and a well-disciplined army.
>
> That threat would be felt all the same and probably to a greater degree if hostility instead of a spirit of coöperation on the international plane were shown to Moscow. And let us observe that Moscow never objects to any repressive measure enforced against Communists. 'Deal with them as you like,' is the current phrase. Mustapha Kemal Pasha has fiercely enforced it.
>
> I asked a deputy of the Right the other day what he would do when called upon to vote. His answer summarizes the reaction of the average man: 'I shall support the treaty if I see it in jeopardy; otherwise I shall manage to abstain so as to spare the feelings of my constituents.' The only conceivable alternative would be to give Adolf Hitler a free hand on the Danube and in the east. Mr. Laval had it under his serious consideration, but he could not find a single man of responsibility to recommend it. A formidable Nemesis would be too likely to issue from the bargain.

FRESH FROM A TOUR of the Saar and the Rhineland on the eve of the German elections, a special correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* reported considerable excitement throughout the area. Here is what he heard two Nazis, one in uniform, say to each other on a railway excursion to hear Hitler speak at Karlsruhe: —

> 'The British,' one of the party shouted, 'are playing the French game. But they have played cat-and-mouse with us long enough. We have guns now, and we are strong. If Mr. Eden tries to tell us what to do, he will get his nose pulled.'
>
> 'The French,' another shouted, 'want us to be unarmed. We are under their

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guns, but they do not want us to have any. We don't want war, but if Mr. Eden and Mr. Flandin try to interfere in our affairs, we will show them . . . We have an Adolf Hitler now.'

The Reichswehr, however, does not share this enthusiasm. It was not informed of the move into the Rhineland until after the Storm Troops and S. S. Guards had been armed, and the first thing the regular troops did when they entered Saarbrücken was to disarm the party troops of the Nazis. Furthermore, both the Reichswehr leaders and Dr. Schacht opposed the occupation, since they feared that a united front of League powers would starve Germany into submission. And their fears had sound foundations. A boycott of German goods by the four other Locarno signatories (England, France, Belgium, Italy) would have reduced Germany's purchasing power abroad 27 per cent. Even if Italy had refused to participate, the assistance of the Soviet Union, the Little Entente, and the Scandinavian nations would have cut in two Germany's purchasing power abroad, and the participation of the entire League would have cut it 70 or 80 per cent. Since Germany has no gold reserve, it can pay for its imports only by its exports, and it depends on foreign countries for such essentials as copper, tin, lead, petroleum, fats, manganese and cotton. But Hitler knew his politics as well as Schacht and the Reichswehr knew their economics and military strategy. Great Britain's refusal to support France saved the Nazi régime.

RUMORS that Germany and Japan have come to some kind of understanding find confirmation in the growing importance of the Chinese market to Germany. During 1935 German exports to China exceeded British exports for the first time in history, accounting for 11.09 per cent of the total as compared with England's share of 10.48 per cent. During the same year the share of the United States fell from 26.16 per cent in 1934 to 18.93 per cent, while Japan's rose from 12.68 per cent to 13.95 per cent. In other words, Germany and Japan are gaining Chinese markets at the expense of Great Britain and the United States. Whether or not the Japanese come to a definite agreement with Germany they have no doubt that England and America will act together—for sentimental reasons if for no other. The *Osaka Asahi* speculates as follows on Anglo-American relations in the light of the recent naval conference:—

It is quite easy to believe that Britain and the United States concluded a secret understanding prior to the convocation of the Washington naval conference. In a recent speech, President Roosevelt castigated countries following policies of aggression by armed force. London reports spoke of the likelihood that he had in mind Japan, Italy and Germany. When there is conflict among Japan, Britain, and the United States, Britain and the United States are sure to join forces. Blood is thicker than water. We shall not be surprised to see Britain and the United States coöperating in a throughgoing manner against Japan

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when there comes a non-treaty state in consequence of the break-up of the London naval conference.

WHILE MEMBERS of the Japanese Intelligence Service virtually rule Manchukuo and occasionally fall into the hands of the Soviet authorities when they extend their activities to Outer Mongolia and the Soviet Maritime Provinces, Russian spies are also active on Manchurian soil. At the end of 1935 the Japanese raided and closed the offices of *Novosti Vostok*, a subsidized Soviet daily published in Harbin, and arrested its editor. His confession revealed that a Russian priest named Philimonov had been acting as a Soviet spy and had even succeeded in reaching Ataman A. G. Semionov, former commander of the anti-Communist White Russian forces. Philimonov's report to the Soviet consul in Harbin, with whom he worked, contained this important revelation:—

> The sympathies of White Russians are wholly on the Soviet side. Nowadays, it is extremely easy to find friends of the U.S.S.R. In case of an armed conflict between Japan and the U.S.S.R. all sympathies will doubtless be on the Soviet side. It is safe to say that, in case of war and if there are White Russian organizations, they will not be reliable when used against the Soviet Union. Undoubtedly the Japanese do realize it; nevertheless they support the Military Union, recently organized as a branch of the Bureau for Administration of White Russian Affairs, the aims and purposes of which are too apparent.

The Harbin correspondent of the *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai also reported this rumor:—

> It is alleged that Soviet spies and stool-pigeons are sitting tight in all Bureaus for Administration of White Russian Affairs. One of these alleged spies, I. P. Kaznoff, was on the staff of the Harbin Bureau and used to report to the Soviet Consulate all activities of that body, including its financial affairs. He used to deliver all his reports through a certain Lisienkoff, who upon the arrest of Kaznoff got away and now is said to be in China.

The same correspondent also reports that the Soviet Trade Mission to Manchukuo has been carrying on economic espionage.

THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN CONVERSATIONS which began in March draw further attention to the importance that British imperialism attaches to northeastern Africa. The Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean fleet, the general officer commanding the largest British overseas force outside India, and the recent head of Great Britain's air defenses represented the interests of the Empire. The Egyptian army, on the other hand, exists only to maintain internal order, and, according to no less an authority than the Cairo correspondent of the London *Times*:—

> Since 1918 British policy, as every senior British official in Egypt will admit, has discouraged modernization of the army. Fear that the troops might become

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politically-minded and 'go nationalist' during the disturbances that followed the close of the War prompted this attitude. The mutinies in the Sudan in 1924, which were fomented by Egyptian officers and inspired by extremist politicians in Egypt, confirmed it. The Egyptian forces were withdrawn from the Sudan under British compulsion. Since then they have provided guards of honor and backed the police in emergencies.

Today permanent British garrisons occupy Alexandria and Cairo, although in 1930 they were prepared to withdraw all troops to the Canal Zone or other strategic districts as soon as quarters could be provided. Remembering the refusal of the National Government to put through the draft treaty that the last Labor Government drew up in that year, the Egyptians now view their British masters suspiciously. Young students find few jobs in the British-controlled bureaucracy, and over 30,000 of them in Cairo alone have joined a new organization, which, according to the *Times's* Cairo correspondent, is not one of the old-fashioned nationalist parties but 'owes its strength to even higher patronage'—Italy, one presumes, since it has 'a sub-Fascist program.' Whether this organization can rally the Egyptians into a real united front against Great Britain is, of course, another and much more doubtful story.

WHILE THE WORLD PRESS devotes column after column to Egypt's obvious importance in the Ethiopian dispute, little news from Arabia appears. Yet at the same time that English and Egyptian delegates were conferring, King Ibn Saud visited his neighbor, the Emir of Kuweit, accompanied by a heavily armed camel caravan of seven hundred men. Whereby hangs a tale. The Standard Oil Company controls certain oil fields in Kuweit, whose Emir has lately begun to claim additional territory at the expense of Ibn Saud. Under an old Anglo-Turkish treaty the British claim the right to represent their ally, Ibn Saud, in this dispute, but he insists on speaking for himself.

And he has three aces up his sleeve. He knows that the British want the right to fly over Arabia and build airports there. He also has the opportunity to play England off against Italy, as Mussolini has sought his aid. Finally Ibn Saud's recent conquest of the port of Aqabah on the Red Sea puts him in a position to offer to any interested Great Power the concession to build a canal to the Mediterranean in competition with the Suez Canal. He may not have to play any of these cards, but at the moment Ibn Saud is a triple-threat man and should be able to turn the crisis in the Near East to his advantage.

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A liberal economist shows how the rich 'Two Hundred' guide the destinies of France, and a conservative journalist writes a lively skit on French politics.

Aux Urnes, Citoyens!

I. Who Pays the Piper

By Francis Delaisi

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

FRANCE is a political democracy governed by an economic oligarchy. On the political plane ten million equal citizens elect their representatives, and these representatives select the Ministers. If the members of Parliament are not satisfied with the Government, they overthrow it. If the citizens are not satisfied with the members of Parliament, they can choose new ones every four years. This is what is called 'popular sovereignty,' and so far no one has found a better method of expressing it.

In the economic sphere things are a little less simple. French economy is managed by five or six million business men, of whom by far the larger number are the owners of small concerns with one or two employees, artisans, small merchants and manufacturers, all bearing the risks of their concern themselves, and very jealous of their independence. In addition to the income from their businesses, almost all have some capital invested in securities, as have also the majority of their employees and workers.

There is no country in the world where capital is more widely distributed than in France. It is estimated that the total value of her liquid assets is 425 billion francs. Of this 310 billions are invested in *rentes* and other obligations of the State administered by public servants, and 58 billions are deposited in 18 million savings accounts. The rest, about 140 billions, (stocks and bonds) represents the country's economic equipment: railways; banks; tramways; steamship companies; water, gas, and electric companies; metallurgical and chemical factories; coal mines; iron mines; and so forth.

Of this capital approximately one

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third belongs to the rich; the other two thirds are distributed among more than 44 million small holders, who constitute what is called the middle classes. It is they who, along with the 18 million savings bank depositors, are the real owners of the immense public and private industrial equipment which has been built up in our country over the last century.

But although they own this property legally, they do not administer it themselves. The management is entrusted to boards of directors. In principle, these boards are elected exactly like political bodies. But the bondholders do not have the right to vote; only the stockholders may attend the annual meetings. In practice, the small holders never go to them. They generally delegate their powers in blank to their banker, who sends them on to the board of directors, which entrusts them to its officers. These can hardly fail to approve the reports and reëlect their patrons.

Thus the boards of directors elect themselves, and in this way two hundred families, who own the capital of a number of large concerns (insurance companies and banks), monopolize the management of all the great businesses which run the production, transportation and credit of the country. These people do not render an account of their management to anyone (except to the examining magistrate when things turn out badly—and everybody knows how discreet the financial section of the Bar can be).

Since it is sufficient to own ten or twenty shares to have the right to manage a company with a capital of 500 millions and more, and controlling liabilities of 5 or 10 billions, it is not on the dividends from their securities that the Two Hundred live, but much more often on the commissions and bonuses received for transactions which they carry out on behalf of the companies they administer. In this way they are able to make a great deal of money, even from concerns which are running deficits (as is the case, for example, with the railroads). As for the ordinary share-holders, if they are not satisfied they have no other recourse than to sell their securities at a loss and buy others. After having been robbed in one company, they have the choice of going to another to be stripped to the skin. But the management stays put.

Thus the middle class Frenchman, who is in theory as much the master of his property as he is of his ideas, finds himself in practice subject to two distinct governments: 1. he intrusts his general interests to a political government whose representatives he elects and knows, and over which he exercises a certain amount of control at election times; 2. he intrusts his private interests, or at least his savings, to an economic government which is anonymous and not responsible to anyone.

Now these two powers, the public and the private, cannot completely ignore one another. The economic oligarchy cannot be wholly indifferent to democratic representatives and their selection by universal suffrage. For in the first place the economic oligarchy has to be on its guard against fiscal measures which would tend to reduce its profits: in times of crisis the political democracy has an annoying tendency to want to 'soak the rich.' Furthermore, the economic oligarchy must defend against encroachment by

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the Administration those private monopolies which some people would like to transform into state monopolies.

For a long time the economic oligarchy has applied itself chiefly to this negative rôle of defense. But largely since the beginning of the crisis it has been obliged to ask the state for numerous favors: for tariffs which would relieve it of foreign competition; for subsidies which would permit it to meet the deficits of some of its enterprises; for government orders to counterbalance the general decline in private business; and, finally, for guarantees of the interest payments on proposed bond issues.

All this involves heavy expenses, to be levied on consumers or taxpayers or small savings. The sums are obtained easily enough from the legislative bodies in the name of 'national interest.' But it may turn out that in the long run the voter-taxpayer-consumer-saver, finding the burden too heavy, will kick over the traces and send less complacent representatives to Parliament. For this reason it is necessary for the economic oligarchy to maneuver universal suffrage in order to obtain 'good' elections. Not having numbers, it must perforce rely on money.

II

I should like to sketch here the tactics and methods used by the economic powers to assure their preponderance over the political powers. Every four years, a few months before the elections, there begins in all the banks, big industries, insurance companies, etc., the great drive for campaign funds. Each firm has the right to subsidize personally any candidate it chooses in the constituency where its workers live. But the great insurance companies, the Comités des Forges, etc., also see to it that a central fund is raised, and endeavor to have each subsidiary contribute in proportion to its size. The contributions are charged against surplus; they are written down as 'general expenses.'

In the past, the big companies used to subsidize only conservative candidates; but the suspicious public would then vote all the more readily for men of the Left. It was, therefore, on these latter that it became necessary to work, and here the task was more delicate. It is as natural and permissible for a Right candidate to solicit the support of the great industries whose interests he intends to defend as it is difficult for his adversaries to accept the financial support of the capitalist powers which it is their program to combat. Here it is possible to work only through an intermediary.

It was at this point that Mr. Billiet had an inspiration. He set up his celebrated Union of Economic Interests, in which he thoroughly mixed in with the great subsidies of the insurance companies and the Comités des Forges, etc., the more modest contributions of merchants and industrialists of the middle classes. His principle was to show complete indifference with regard to political programs. Concerned solely with economic interests, he was ready to subsidize all candidates, whether from the Right or from the Left, whether Conservative or Radical or even Socialist, provided only that the applicant undertook engagements on certain precise points required by the donors of the funds. It was his task to present these points as democratic measures. Here are his principles: opposition to the State

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monopolies (for are they not contrary to sound economic policies?); tariffs (are they not needed to keep up the workers' wages?); subsidies for the big companies in the red (in order to avoid unemployment); large orders for war materials (national defense first!). Once he had accepted these points, there was nothing to prevent a candidate from proclaiming in his election posters and his meetings the boldest and vaguest arguments of revolutionary Socialism.

Business men are realists by nature. They pay less attention to principles than to immediate advantages, and they know from experience tested many times over that a revolutionary who has become a Minister is not necessarily a revolutionary Minister.

This method of indifference to programs has given the very best results for over thirty years. Thus when, in 1928, Mr. Ernest Mercier undertook to raise funds to finance candidates who were friendly to the ideas of the Redressement Français, the bankers, without daring to refuse, displayed genuine annoyance. They were not prepared to associate themselves with a party. Recently, many of them have shown great coolness toward the Fascist program of Colonel de La Rocque.

The reaction of the masses to the events of the sixth of February, 1935 [when there was rioting in the streets of Paris], and the formation of the Front Populaire on the fourteenth of July, made it clear to everybody that it would be better to corrupt the democracy than to make a direct attack upon it. So Mr. Ernest Mercier has just officially dissolved his organization, and the Two Hundred have returned to the old and tested principle of indifference to party programs.

Nevertheless the republican voter, who does not see any of this cookery, is surprised when he realizes that the leaders of the Left and the leaders of the Right govern, in effect, alike, and even that they very often take part in the same Ministry. In traditional democratic circles the young men avenged their deception by pressing more and more to the Left, going from Radicalism to Socialism and from Socialism to Communism. If these impatient forces were united in a single group, they could carry everything before them. That is why it is necessary to divide them by multiplying the parties.

Every party possesses two essential organs: 1. an executive or administrative committee, elected by a congress composed exclusively of 'militants,' and which meets once or twice a year; 2. a newspaper which is addressed directly to the individual voter and which is in daily contact with him. In the nature of things, there are more newspapers than executive committees. The economic oligarchy, then, has contrived to multiply the so-called 'journals of opinion;' in this, the rivalry of leaders and the impatient ambitions of their followers have played into its hands.

A number of small sheets spring up; unable to subsist on the returns from their sales, they are obliged to have recourse either to 'anonymous donations' or to the publicity managers of the insurance companies, the Comités des Forges, or the 'economic interests.' Naturally the parties' serious militants are not willing to do this job themselves. They therefore generally turn to a 'specialist' who has had a good deal of experience in business circles. He accepts with alacrity

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the articles by leaders of the group and also the essays by militants of the second rank who are eager to bring themselves to the attention of the public or to carry on polemics with their rivals. Doubtless these men are sometimes surprised to observe the appearance, in the columns of that same newspaper, of a campaign in behalf of such and such capitalist concerns or monopolies, in rather marked contradiction to the principles of their party. But it is important to make sacrifices to maintain a newspaper without which the group could no longer be distinguished from other similar groups.

This is the explanation of the rôle and paradoxical influence of these 'Dubarrys' in the journals of opinion. A Minister, even of the Right, never refuses them their share of the 'secret funds;' the publicity agents of the big banks do not refuse them generous subsidies (on condition that they give only a tiny part of them to the party newspaper). And if by chance these over-zealous collectors stray into the offices of a Stavisky, so much the better. They will produce a scandal which will discredit all the parties of the Left.

III

The increase in the number of 'journals of opinion' leads to a multiplication of the number of parties. There are nine hundred deputies in the Chamber, that is to say nine hundred would-be Ministers. But no one may join a Cabinet combination unless he can bring with him the assured support (for a time) of a certain number of colleagues, all of whom will eventually be his rivals. The struggle within the groups is keen, and it requires much time and patience and effort to become eligible for a portfolio.

A gifted and ambitious man naturally tries to form a group with himself at the head. He then submits to a bored or curious public a program or plan in support of which he has gathered together some friends. But it becomes necessary to find him some voters. If he has a group, it is easy for him to form a newspaper. If he has a newspaper, it is easy for him to form a group.

In this way there has come about that vast breaking-down of the parties into Radicals, Radical-Socialists, Republican-Socialists, Independent Socialists, Socialists, Populists, Communists—nay, even Stalinists and Trotskiites! The number of parties in the Conservative camp is equally great.

In answer to Lord Robert Cecil, who had asked him: 'To what party do you belong, *Monsieur le Deputé?*' Mr. Joseph Barthélemy once said: 'I am one of those Republicans of the Left who sit in the Center and vote with the Right.' The nuances which distinguish these parties have become so delicate that the public no longer recognizes them, and designates them solely by the names of their leaders. In fact, they are no longer anything but Ministers' retinues.

With such a breaking-down of the parties it is almost impossible to form a homogeneous Ministry. All the retinues of the same political color, being by definition rivals, can associate only with the groups of contrary convictions. For this reason there can only be 'concentration' cabinets, and how could such fragile 'combinations' as these resist the

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pressure of High Finance? Suppose that, perchance, a Minister, backed up by the majority of the country, decides to take some fiscal measures which disturb the economic oligarchy. To overthrow him it will suffice to detach from his majority a small group of a score or so of members.

If, on the other hand, he follows a policy dictated by the trusts and the banks, but disapproved by the country, he will proceed as follows: first he will persuade a coalition of 'retinues' of divers leanings (say A, B, C and D) to put him in the minority. Loyally, the Premier will then submit his resignation, and the President will accept it, at the same time entrusting him with the formation of a new Cabinet by calling upon the leaders of relay teams A^1 and B^1. He will not have much trouble finding C^1 and D^1, either. And he will pursue the same policy until the unpopular measure has been passed, when a new Premier, backed by groups A^2, B^2, C^2, D^2, will quietly replace him. In this way there is organized that kind of Ministerial quadrille in which the dancers change partners without changing the tune. The instability of the Government, which is so often used as a criticism of Parliamentary procedure, is only an illusion. Mr. Clemenceau was once asked why he had overthrown so many Ministries. 'At bottom,' he said, 'it was always the same one.'

Furthermore, if some popular leader, supported by a united majority and backed by public opinion, should desire to resist the orders of the economic powers, the latter have a very simple means of checkmating him. Every time that a Ministry has been overthrown, the President of the Republic, always respectful of the Constitution, calls the leader of the new majority and invites him to form a new Cabinet. The Premier-elect replies, according to the formula, that he will consult his friends. While the journalists see him busy negotiating with the groups and sub-groups, he discretely calls in the Director of the Treasury and asks him: 'How much money have you got?'

'About a billion francs,' this high official customarily replies, when things are good. 'Of course,' he adds, 'we have to redeem two billion francs' worth of treasury bonds at the end of the month. But the financial houses will undoubtedly consent to make the necessary advances.'

It then becomes necessary to see the bankers. These latter generally display much good will.

'Of course,' they say to the new Premier, 'your political ideas are not ours. But we are too good Frenchmen and too good citizens not to bow before public opinion. We are therefore quite ready to place the public's money at the disposal of the Government of the Republic. Only, one good turn deserves another. It is understood, *Monsieur le Premier*, that you will touch neither the tariffs, which are necessary for our industries, nor the subsidies granted to the great railway and steamship companies, nor the orders for war materials, nor the private monopoly of the insurance companies, nor the other privileges which your predecessors have respected.

'And then you have included in your program certain fiscal measures like coupon books and taxpayers' identification cards which have made a bad impression in financial circles.

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At this time, when you are asking us to appeal to those very circles for further help, it would not be wise to give them the impression that you are going to play tricks on them.'

'But Parliament has already voted those measures! The coupon books are already printed and the identification cards are at Saint-Sulpice all ready to be distributed!'

'Well then, let them remain in their boxes at Saint-Sulpice and you will have all the billions you need.'

It sometimes happens that the Premier-elect resists. In this case his Ministry is invariably overthrown at the end of a few days. There are those who, in disgust, have wanted to go straight back to the President and renounce the task of forming the Ministry. But then of course all their close collaborators cry out. They think of the portfolios of Ministers and Secretaries of State that they have been promised, and of the jobs and honors that they have themselves promised their constituents. 'You can't do that! Besides, don't worry, my dear Premier, we will shield you from the militants.' And the great man submits. And the great 'independent' press hails his advent and recognizes in him, as it has in his predecessors (and as it eventually will in his successors), the essential qualities of a 'Government Man.'

IV

After thirty years of maneuvers of this sort, the economic oligarchy has ended by exercising all the functions of the Democratic Government. According to the terms of the Constitution, Parliament has three basic functions: 1. it makes the laws; 2. it adopts the budget; 3. it controls and overthrows the Government by exercising its right of interpolation.

1. Today it no longer makes the laws. For two years all measures have been taken by decrees adopted by the Cabinet. Parliament's rôle is confined to ratifying them after they have been adopted and when their effects can no longer be avoided. In this way the legislative power has abdicated to the executive—which is precisely the negation of republican Government (Herriot *dixit*).

2. If Parliament still votes the budget, it no longer debates it. Last December 40 billions in taxes were adopted in two weeks. The most revolutionary fiscal measure which had been attempted in the last forty years, the reduction of the face-value of government bond coupons, was taken by decree, without debate. The Chamber left the preliminary examination to the Finance Commission, which is invariably presided over by the austere Malvy, who, as he himself told the committee which investigated the Stavisky case, puts his friendships above his party, a practice which has earned him general approbation. . . .

Furthermore, the administration spends what it wishes, whatever the available credit may be. All it has to do is to present during the course of a year a blanket request for several billion francs, and this is always approved without discussion.

3. As for the right of interpolation, it is this to which the deputies clung the longest, for it makes it possible to overthrow the Government and thus open the scramble for portfolios. In this they always revel, and they avail themselves of it as often as possible. But, thanks to the game played by

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the 'relay teams,' it has practically no effect upon the policies of the succeeding Governments.

Today, under the hundredth Ministry of the Republic, we have to record that the Parliamentary régime has become nothing more than window dressing.

Whose fault is it?

There are some who would gladly turn the people's anger against the deputies. That is unfair. The deputies are no better and no worse than the vast majority of their constituents, and the 'substitutes' who offer, with so much sincerity, to change everything, will not do any better once they have been drawn into the works. Moreover, there is a shameful hypocrisy about always denouncing the 'corrupt' without ever speaking of the 'corrupters.'

Parliament's present impotence is due to the juxtaposition of two powers: a political government which operates in broad daylight under the control of public opinion, and an economic government exercised in the dark by an anonymous and irresponsible oligarchy. Necessarily the second endeavors to corrupt the first, and its whole game consists in making the apparent government bear the responsibility for the errors and shortcomings of the secret government. It will be so as long as the middle class Frenchman confides the management of his general interests to a democratic régime from which he can require an accounting and does not require a similar accounting from the banks and the trusts to which he confides the management of his private business.

II. I Decide to be a Deputy

By Charles Odet

Translated from *Candide*, Paris Conservative Weekly

I AM thirty years old and a voter, therefore eligible for office; my father's past is irreproachable, as is my mother's. I am a lawyer, like everybody else. In short there is no earthly reason why I should not run for Parliament. Every candidacy is started by the candidate's pals, who say:—

'Bravo! Go to it, old boy! With your gift of gab, you are sure to succeed. Parliament needs men like you. The main thing is: don't hesitate! Go right ahead and show them!'

The minute you have decided to run, your worries begin. First of all, you must find a constituency; then you must choose an opinion. I immediately found myself faced with this last problem. A colleague, a real expert on the question, as he won in the last elections, said to me:—

'Why don't you join a young man's party? Believe me, the Radicals are nothing but old morons. Be a "Neo"; that's the party of the future.'

Another colleague, who is no less competent to speak, as he was blackballed in the last elections, told me:—

'This is a critical hour. We moderates must close our ranks. Your duty is to join the Left Radicals.'

Whereupon I realized that if I wanted to preserve my peace of mind and conscience, it would be advisable

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not to go on until I had held further consultations. Accordingly I spread the news everywhere that I wanted to run for office. Everybody was eager to help. The telephone never stopped ringing.

'Allo! Look here, old man, it seems that Paul Reynaud is going to have difficulties in the second . . .'

'Do you know what I've just heard? And from a reliable source, too. Bouisson is not going to run in Marseilles. The place is there for anybody who wants to take it.'

I made a tour of France by telephone. Which one of the possible or impossible constituencies should I choose? The last to come to my attention always seemed to me infinitely superior to the others. But I always seemed to find myself plunged into a family quarrel. Inevitably I was exhorted to defeat 'a vile skunk whose conduct disgusts all decent men,' or 'an old drunkard completely out of his wits.' Which constituency to choose? My brain began to resemble an immense atlas.

My little friend Yvonne, who tries to keep up her political connections, introduced me to an ex-Minister. He was a well-preserved man, with clean finger nails, a boiled collar, and eyeglasses. He was very nice to me.

'You wish to run for Parliament? Bravo! I have just the constituency for you: the second district of Calais-sur-Lozère. At present the deputy there is Lebry-Lamèche, an insufferable brute who voted against me all the time I was in office. You must lick him. You will register in my party; but, of course, without mentioning my name to anybody. If Lebry-Lamèche should ever find out, it would be a terrible tragedy! But I will help you in the district. *La Petite Alouette illustrée*, the most important local paper, will stand behind you: I am the principal stockholder in it. It is essential for you to go there immediately and make contacts with the local committees. Do not lose any time, but polish up on cheeses, livestock, and chestnut groves: they will certainly try to trip you up at the first meeting . . .'

II

I pack my suitcase and cancel all my appointments. I consult the big Larousse, and learn that 'my' *département* is deficient agriculturally, but that its great industry is raising cattle, and more particularly sheep. I remember that I wanted to visit Lozère some time ago. I also remember that several of my friends have told me that the natives of Lozère are the most agreeable, sympathetic, pleasant people imaginable, and that the climate is very healthy. I will spend all my vacations in my constituency. Yvonne will join me. It will be delightful.

My train leaves in two hours. I use the time to drop in to see another Minister, whom I have met three times at the Duponts'. His district is near mine: perhaps he can help me.

He certainly can! He shrugs his shoulders, he raises his voice and gesticulates; his hair bristles in lively defiance of the best pomade.

'Calais-sur-Lozère? That's a good one! Who is the idiot who suggested Calais-sur-Lozère to you? My poor friend, Lebry-Lamèche will be re-elected *like that!* and on the first ballot. Think of it: he is vice-president of the Chamber's Agricultural Commission. The sheep, the chestnuts and the cattle

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have no more loyal defender than Lebry-Lamèche. Why, whoever can have suggested the perfectly mad idea of running against Lebry-Lamèche? Ah, it was X——? I might have known! He probably also told you that he'll see to it that *La Petite Alouette illustrée* supports your candidacy . . . Ah, he did tell you that? Well, *La Petite Alouette illustrée* doesn't even belong to him any more. He has sold all his shares to Gaston Beausoleil. I can refer you to Gaston, because he is a friend of mine. But you haven't got the slightest chance, not the slightest. I'll tell you where you should run: Clamecy-sur-Moselle. First of all it is a city: you won't be bothered by any peasants with their sick cows. Workers, true Frenchmen, loyal, reliable souls—that's what you'll be dealing with. In short, it's a golden constituency. The outgoing deputy, Baron Puc, is not slated to run again. I know this from his mistress, who is a friend of my daughter's. But, confound it, you must get there as soon as possible. By the way, what are your political convictions? I think the Left Radical will do very well . . .'

At the bottom of my heart, I knew all the time that Lozère was not the *département* for me. I am delighted at the thought of being a deputy from the East instead. What a noble attitude I could adopt in case of war! I would be brave. I would spill my life's blood for France and give my constituents an example of true bravery. The martial strains of the Marseillaise resound in my heart and in my head.

III

Thus I go to see my future district. I take Yvonne with me. She is quite delighted to make the little trip; that is to say, she is delighted when we leave Paris. From Rheims on she is less happy because it begins to rain. At Clamecy-sur-Moselle the distant little shower turns into one of those obstinate, surly rains which seem to settle down for all eternity between Heaven and earth. Yvonne laughs to give me courage. So do I, with the same intention. It does not matter that Yvonne is thinking about her hat and I about a cold lurking in wait for me.

I have to make a visit to an Influential Citizen with whom I had made an appointment by telephone. Yvonne, left to her own resources, wanders from pub to pub on the touching pretext of sounding out the ground. Then she makes a tour of the shops, of course always with the same purpose in mind. When I meet her two hours later, she is exhausted, splattered to the eyebrows with mud, sniffling with a cold, slightly drunk, and loaded with rolls, cigarettes, local newspapers, spools and tin cans, all of them bought in order to 'make people talk.' She feels that she is heroic and virtuous. She says:—

'Do you suppose there are many women who would sacrifice their hats and shoes for you as I have . . . ? But do you know what? This is a nasty place. Don't you find it nasty?'

Yvonne and I had never been in such complete agreement before. For the Influential Citizen had not kept from me the difficulties I was bound to encounter here. Baron Puc is not expected to run, but there is another candidate who has been awaiting his chance for eight years now. He didn't get many votes in 1928. But in 1932 he had many more. While Baron Puc's

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health may have something to do with his retiring, it is certainly also due to the fact that he knows that he is going to be defeated. And besides I look too young. Here they prefer a candidate who had been in the War. Obviously they cannot reproach me with having been born too late to participate in more than one—*e.g.* the coming—war, but, as the Influential Citizen says, 'try and talk to people once they get an idea into their heads.' Except for this, the Influential Citizen places himself entirely at my disposal in the matter of getting up a preliminary meeting.

I answer Yvonne's questions vaguely. She insists that, inasmuch as there is bound to be a Minister from the East in every Government, there is no reason, everything considered, why I should not be that Minister. If not in this session, then in the next.

There is no sign of a taxi in 'my' constituency, nor is there a street car. And even if there were one, where would it take us? We wander around. The country here is poor and threadbare. Through the gray rain we see quite clearly the red glare of the blast furnaces. There are no strollers to be seen in the dismal streets.

Our homeward journey is somewhat lugubrious. In the dining-car, the veal stew has been scratched from the menu. Yvonne does not talk about my Ministerial future any more, and I am sleepy. On arriving home, I call up, for politeness sake, the ex-Minister who wanted to see me succeed Lebry-Lamèche. He is cross and speaks sharply to me.

'My dear young friend, why did you drop everything? Now it's too late. Denis Remiton has gone there. He has been endorsed by the party. He has even launched his campaign with a highly successful meeting. If you had only listened to me instead of going off on a spree, God knows where . . .'

IV

If I am going to be a candidate for Clamecy-sur-Moselle, politeness demands that I go to see the Senator of that *département*. Of course, as is to be expected, he lives on the Left Bank. I ring the bell. A dear sympathetic old lady in curlers opens the door. I begin:—

'I am here because I wish to be a candidate for . . .'

She lifts her arms to heaven.

'You too! There are already so many. But do come in; you are standing in a draught. My husband is not here but I'll tell you all you need to know. So you wish to run for Parliament? Very well. You are not the only one. It's quite simple . . .'

Just then somebody rings the bell and I hear her say:—

'You are here about the district? Would you mind waiting until I am through with this other gentleman?'

She is charmingly confused. Really she is a dear old thing, like something out of an American cartoon. She says:—

'I hope you'll excuse me, but the maid is out just now.'

I smile suavely:—

'Perhaps I can do something for you? Some errands, perhaps? I would be so happy to be of use.'

That melts her. She probably thinks that the youth of today has been gravely maligned, and that I am a most obliging young man.

'Really? It will be no trouble? It's ever so sweet of you! Well . . . You

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might go to the fish market; it's right at the corner. Tell them to give you a sole weighing about a pound or a pound and a half. Then if you would be kind enough to stop at the green grocer's, who is next door to the fish market, and get a pound of apples, a head of lettuce, and two artichokes . . . Just tell them it's for me. But are you sure this is no trouble for you?'

I precipitate myself down the stairs, drunk with joy. It is obvious that among all the possible candidates who want to run in Clamecy-sur-Moselle I am bound to make the strongest appeal to the all-powerful Senator.

V

Hurray! the Influential Citizen of Clamecy-sur-Moselle has telephoned me some news about my progress. Baron Puc's redoubtable opponent is very ill. The influential voter has told his committee about me. What he said has made a favorable impression. He will tell me more anon when he sees me, as he is coming to Paris for his cousin's marriage. I am to meet the Influential Citizen of Clamecy-sur-Moselle at the Restaurant Opal, just opposite the Gare de l'Est. He has only an hour to spare for dinner.

'Will this be too much of a bore for you?' I ask Yvonne, hoping against hope that she'll say 'no.' 'You can come, you know.'

'I can't say that the prospect delights me particularly. I haven't seen you for several days on account of your political appointments, and I did hope to have you to myself tonight. Well, nothing can be done about it. Let's go and get it over with.'

At the restaurant we meet not only the I. C. but also his entire family, which is a large one: six brats, the eldest of whom is sixteen. The prolific helpmeet is there too. A symphony orchestra, composed of young ladies in pink taffetas, radiates harmony and forces us to shout our confidences.

The Influential Citizen is going back to Clamecy-sur-Moselle that same evening.

'We'll see you to the train,' I tell him. I gather up the valises. Yvonne follows. I am particularly nice to the children in the hope of winning the hearts of their parents. Yvonne talks dresses with the spouse. It is impossible to take leave of the family before the train goes. The Influential Citizen tells me fish stories. His wife wants to make quite sure about the summer fashions. Yvonne and I dare not even hold hands until the train has dwindled to a small, ephemeral, red eye at the end of the platform.

'Well, are you satisfied?' asks Yvonne. 'And what did the old fool have to tell you?'

'Not much. The redoubtable opponent seems to be better.'

By the next mail I receive an announcement of the demise of the Senator with a taste for artichokes and sole; a letter from the Influential Citizen of Clamecy-sur-Moselle telling me of the complete recovery of the Redoubtable Opponent; and finally a folder extolling the charms of Egypt.

I take Yvonne by the shoulders as I always do at grave, critical moments.

'I will not run this time. But I am starting in right here and now making serious and careful preparations for the election of 1940!'

'Sometimes,' says Yvonne, 'your jokes simply slay me!'

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Here is an essay by an English working man raising the question whether all English literature is not 'class conscious;' and one by an American expatriate on the word 'sentimental.'

Old Truepenny *and the* Times

I. The Proletarian Reader

By William Nuttall

From the *London Mercury*, London Literary Monthly

I HAVE only a few bookshelves, for I live in a very small house, but tucked away in a corner of one of them are three little volumes (a novel) to which I return again and again, having found from experience that nothing else I have read can either quicken my mind as they do, or so stimulate my powers of rumination. Why should this be so? Facts as to why this particular novel should not appeal to me are about as strong as they very well could be. First, it was written by a man of the generation of my grandfather; secondly he was a nobleman, and the characters he deals with live in a social sphere far removed from my own; thirdly he was a foreigner, and his characters are foreigners, thus giving them an additional degree of alienation to that due to their class; and lastly it is a translation from the Russian into English. In short, it would be difficult to imagine a thicker barrier to communication between an author's mind and a reader's than exists in this particular case. Yet this book speaks to me in clearer tones, touches my heart more strongly, stirs my memory more deeply than does any other I have read. There is no book to which I feel to stand in closer sympathy than to Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.

As everybody who has read it knows,

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War and Peace is centered in Napoleon's catastrophic invasion of Russia, the burning of Moscow, and the retreat. Against this historic background are traced the fortunes of a few chief characters and a host of minor ones. I should find it very difficult indeed to describe the peculiar way in which I stand under their spell. But how shall I account for that interest in view of the facts enumerated above that seem so much to tell against it? Or how shall I answer the thoroughgoing English literary patriot whom I can hear protesting: 'But have we no English authors, that you should only be able to discover your favorite work in foreign parts?'

The broad answer is that I can read the book unhampered by my class-consciousness, which has always stood most troublesomely in the way of my enjoyment of English books. As the son of a Lancashire cotton-mill hand I inevitably acquired from my father something of his bitter and cynical outlook towards all men and women who were not of his own class. And since the literature that has come down to us and that being written is largely a bourgeois, in some cases an aristocratic product, the pages of social and domestic fiction are monopolized by characters of the type and station against which in real life I had developed from listening to my father a most unwholesome antipathy. When I read, therefore, I find that my mind—a most refractory entity to control—has a trick of transferring this antipathy to the fictitious characters, and, by a most unjust circumstance from the author's point of view, the more clearly the character is drawn, the stronger is my impulse to throw down the book. And it would need an illuminating psychological analysis to account for the perverse fact that when, on the other hand, I read a book translated from a foreign tongue, depicting human beings and their relations with one another, my class-consciousness is not aroused at all. But so it is. By some miraculous grace the specter refrains from lifting its dismal head above the horizon of my thoughts, and that is why I am able to take the first step indispensable to the enjoyment of reading when I begin on *War and Peace*.

For the advantages of being able to read a novel without the intrusion of one's class-consciousness are cardinal. If it is a great one, the characters become removed from the accidental circumstances of their social setting and it is their relation with the universe as a whole, with time, and with human destiny, that then absorbs the reader's interest. He can feel their heart-beats and study their individual psychology. And the proletarian is handicapped if prejudice limits him to works either depicting characters, or written by men, of his own class only. While he knows from experience that there are many such men that have a knowledge of souls, it is rare to discover one who has had any extensive ability to put his knowledge on record. Personally I do not know of one, unless it be John Bunyan; but who would dream of measuring Bunyan's scope with that of Shakespeare or of Tolstoy? And what cultural progress would a proletarian be able to make if his class-consciousness were so chronic as totally to bar him from enjoying the works of the only types of men who in the past have had either the leisure or the talent to write them? He would make none. In my own case I feel that

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my losses in relation to English literature have been, and still are, sufficiently great. They would have been irreparable if my class-consciousness had driven *War and Peace* from my ken.

For with *War and Peace* I can enjoy as with no other work the process of 'identification' so dear to a reader's heart. Reading is identification. We only understand what we can identify, and when in addition we can identify ourselves, we make progress in self-knowledge. My class prejudices out of the way, I can hardly read a page of *War and Peace* without recognizing my whereabouts. To give only a few examples that immediately suggest themselves: the effect of contemporary politicians and warriors upon the acute and sensitive mind of Prince Andrew is a particular brand of pessimism and disillusionment that I recognize at once as my own. The picture of Count Peter Besoukhow's struggles for spiritual regeneration, his recurring bewilderment in face of the implacable realities that history and human destiny fling mercilessly across his path just when he thinks the turn has come, I recognize as my own, too. One needn't be a millionaire count to realize how strikingly and nakedly true a picture of the generous human soul in its universal setting Tolstoy has there depicted. A religiously-minded, unemployed plumber could recognize it. Or consider Prince Boris Droubetzkoi, whose simple recipe for 'getting on' is to make the acquaintance only of the 'best people' and drop them as soon as he succeeds in making contact with better. His tactics should be familiar to every little climber in every little town over the whole face of the earth.

The most amusing characters in the book are Colonel Adolph de Berg and his spouse Vera Rostow. As newly-weds they invite all their acquaintances to a housewarming party. They are enraptured because the party proves, as they imagine, a great success, since it works itself out just in the way they have noticed everybody else's parties to do. To Berg's great delight, as confirming his own greatness as he wishes it to appear in his wife's eyes, his 'boss,' a high official, deigns to come, along with other social celebrities. And all the guests find themselves drawn in to suppress their smiles and play up to the pride of the newlyweds. Berg tactfully sees to it, of course, that nobody disturbs the arrangement of his brand-new furniture or spoils his brand-new carpet. These and other innumerable instances I could give are what I mean by 'identification.' Bergs are to be found in every social class throughout the world.

II

That I cannot, on the contrary, carry out this same mental process of identifying with ease the human notes in one social class with those of another when reading English literature may seem incredible to some readers. Of classic authors the ones I am most familiar with are Shakespeare, Jane Austen, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Emily Brontë, Charles Lamb and Cardinal Newman; of moderns I have nibbled all over the literary cheese. The nearer in time they approach my own period, the severer do my mental disturbances become. With Shakespeare, however, I have made considerable headway; I no longer stop short with my identifications at Cali-

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ban and Bottom the weaver, for I can get behind the masks of kings and queens and thereby recognize some very old acquaintances. Doubtless the pleasant sounds that come from Shakespeare's words in the order he puts them help me to keep at bay my father's intrusive Marxian ghost. It used to butt in terribly when I picked up Jane Austen:

JANE: It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a LARGE FORTUNE must be in want of a wife

. . .

(*Enter* Ghost.)

HAMLET: Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak. I'll go no further.

GHOST: Mark me.

HAMLET: I will.

GHOST: I am thy father's spirit
Doomed for a certain term to fast in fires
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.
Leave them books alone.
They're folks as don't vote Labor.
I telled thee to wipe 'em from thi yed,
And my commandment all alone shall live:
Bring on the Workers' Revolution.

I persisted with Jane out of sheer cussedness. After all, her subject was not politics but pride, prejudice, persuasion, sense and sensibility. But in the main my reading powers are crippled when confronted with pictures of English society past and present through the domination of my mind by an all-powerful and devastating formula: 'What have this tribe of middle-class lawyers, parsons, and scribes to tell me about my class? How can they possibly know what life looks like to us?' Old Truepenny holds the field. My father was a weaver, but he was not Bottom; he was illiterate, but he was not Caliban. His is the ghost of a deep philosopher, who lacked only the power of self-expression. I revere his memory in spite of the heritage of conflict that his powerful spirit leaves within my soul.

One circumstance there is, however, in reading English literature, where the problem presented by the intrusion of my class-consciousness does not arise, at all events not in quite the same way. That is where proletarian characters themselves are used, and it is no longer necessary to look through the mask of another class in order to identify the author's intentions. I then find myself occupied chiefly with the question whether he has succeeded in depicting the proletariat as it actually sees itself, or only as he sees it, or his typical readers. One cannot, of course, read everything, but rarely have I come across any writer who could do the former. The truth is that, impressionism apart, it requires very powerful faculties of imagination indeed for a man to portray accurately and with any degree of fullness characters that breathe outside his own little social tradition. Even so tremendous a democrat as Dickens, whose pages abound in proletarian types, is successful to my mind only on two occasions, with Charlie Hexam and Bradley Headstone, both in *Our Mutual Friend*, and even with them

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he bit off more than he could chew and had to resort to melodrama to keep himself on the lines. To understand the acuteness of a sensitive proletarian's discernment in this matter and appreciate the power that resides in his nostrils to scent out a bourgeois flavor, one must have had a lifetime's experience of seeing one's class used by authors and playwrights either as stock clowns or the objects of a maudlin or villainous patronage.

III

The conclusion naturally arrived at in face of this deficiency is that no true delineation of human nature from a proletarian model is to be expected until proletarians acquire the necessary skill and fervor to take the job in hand and do it themselves. Much has been said on this subject and is being said. The late Allan Monkhouse on his solitary literary watch-tower in the north was never tired of repeating, 'There is a good chance now for the working-man novelist.' One suspects, indeed, that a terrific amount of pen- to say nothing of head-scratching and heart-burning is already proceeding underground; and we see its results come betimes to the surface in such isolated works as *I, James Whitaker*, and *Love on the Dole*. But they never turn out to be quite the thing that one is looking for, a thing more easily conceived than defined, though it is possible to picture the kind of man who might produce it.

Imagine a man who is of proletarian origin yet at the same time a gifted scholar with broad powers of invention and creation. To do that is not difficult. There must be thousands of them—men who have taken advantage of their talents and made their way into all kinds of leading positions in the social structure. Such men are easily recognizable, for they have common traits: having climbed socially they are either found to have cut the ties that bound them to their former connections, or to be wondering how they can cut them without incurring the curse of God, or to be connected with them still in a surreptitious, embarrassing sort of way, which hampers their movements and ties their tongues.

So far imagination is not difficult. But to take the next step in imagination is enormously difficult. You are now to imagine a man of similar origins, who, having acquired his learning, does not head towards a leading position but doubles back into the proletariat, remains there, and, as it were, deepens within it. This is not, mark you, the same thing as Zola living the life of a peasant to write of the peasants, for its keynote is not objectivity but subjectivity. It would indicate a mental revolution, a complete reversal of normal social procedure, in the man who did it, signifying his possession of a flair for a novel kind of saintly eccentricity and a complete indifference to cutting against the grain of educational tradition. But were such a man to write, one would expect the work to bear not only an authentic proletarian stamp, but the depth and scope also, the 'intellectual' interest, that are needed to satisfy a reader blessed with a curious and active mind. Odd flashes come from D. H. Lawrence which suggest he was one who might have done the trick had he not chosen to arrange his martyrdom in other fields.

Trotski, one of the few authorities

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on this subject, takes in his book *Literature and Revolution* a different view from that. He believes that before a true proletarian literature can spring into life, something historically startling must happen—a revolution of the proletariat itself. Only then can one begin even to talk about a proletarian literature. The next step is if one can find leisure between consolidating the manufacture of nuts and bolts and at the same time avoid the snares of the bourgeois ideology, which is enshrined within them, to learn from authors of the historic past their methods and by no means to presume that these can by any stretch of imagination be dispensed with. So even when the historic act of a revolution of the proletariat has been accomplished, it seems that bourgeois models must still continue to dominate the literary scene.

That is not very exciting from a reader's point of view. While not suggesting that the function of a revolution is to supply the people with readable books, it seems a dry fate from that point of view to have a revolution and then be where you were. And if one can profitably study bourgeois models after a revolution, the clear inference is that one can also study them profitably before.

This brings me back to *War and Peace*, which Old Truepenny, to my enduring delight, lets me read in peace and so permits me to meet my true friends Count Peter Besoukhow and Prince Andrew Bolkonski on the ground of our common human emotions and intellectual doubts. But he continues to turn up faithfully at assemblies of the English muse and, fixing his mild, suffering gaze upon me, troubles me with his reproach, for the tumbrils do not yet rattle in the streets. To say the truth, I have little ear for them. I, too, prefer to pause, to hesitate, and to say:—

'Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered.'

II. On Writing Letters to the *Times*

By Logan Pearsall Smith

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

Sunt quos curriculo:—there are those, Horace tells us, whose joy is to gather Olympic dust upon their racing cars; others to be decked with Delian bays in the Capitol, or to win the fame of boxers, or to be pointed out in the street as masters of the lyre. None of these are my ambitions; what I like is to have my letters printed in the *Times*. In those grave columns I feel that I take my due place among the statesmen, the peers and prelates and weighty thinkers of my age.

Among the thousands who beat in vain upon that gate to glory, the few to whom it opens find themselves confronted by a staircase of several degrees—by a ladder with at least six rungs for their aspiring feet to climb. Of these the lowliest is fixed in the column entitled 'Points from Letters;' the next is the epistles printed in full, but in small-type, in the same dark corner, and after that in large-type letters there. Then there are the small-type, then the large-type, letters on

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the great central editorial page; and then—dizziest height of all—a letter with a leading article about it. To this height I cannot vaunt that I have as yet ascended; but I believe that I can boast, without contradiction, of having performed there a stylistic feat of which not the greatest statesman or most honored prelate—no, not even that master of the phrase, the Archbishop of Canterbury himself—can brag; a feat which Shakespeare accomplished so subtly in his Sonnets, and which Proust described as the greatest triumph of the art of writing—the expression, namely, of a gross impropriety in such elegance of diction that the most elegantly minded readers will not see it; or, if they do, will not believe their eyes.

But the writer to the *Times* must be an opportunist. One subject is ventilated in its columns for a week or two, and then suddenly, inexorably, the window closes; the curtain is rung down, and no letter, however eloquently written, will find admittance on any terms. This misadventure has happened to me on two occasions. Once E. F. Benson held me up to ridicule; but just when I had posted a letter poking fun at him, the subject of sustenance for the abdomen had replaced that of nutriment for the mind, and a letter entitled *What is a Pork Sausage?* was printed where mine should have sparkled. I accused my fellow-climber on this staircase, Enid Bagnold, of having played me this knavish trick; she alleged that she was in mid-Atlantic at the time. But what are alibis to deep students like myself of the literature of crime? We laugh at them; for we know that the more perfect the alibi, the more perfect the proof of guilt.

My second misadventure had also a gastronomic aspect. The subject under discussion was Christian Prayer. I had written to show that a certain prayer for the departed, which has sneaked and sniveled its way into the *Revised Prayer Book* of 1928, and is now intoned at every Memorial Service, was not, as was supposed, an ancient prayer at all, but a modern fake. A clergyman in South Kensington asserted that, on the contrary, the prayer was an ancient one, having, 'as a matter of fact,' been written, he said, by Lancelot Andrewes. The attribution was a clever one, since all of us can say anything we like about this famous bishop with no fear of contradiction; can even proclaim him as the greatest master of English prose; since no one I have ever heard of has been able to read more than a page of his arid and controversial volumes. I replied by taunting this parson with his admitted inability to give a reference, and added that to attribute to this unsentimental bishop so flagrant a piece of Victorian sentimentality (which Newman really wrote) was about as preposterous as to say that Newman had borrowed from Herrick the lines:—

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile;

or to suggest that Tennyson drew his *Tears, idle tears* from sources in the Middle Ages, or in Marlowe. But again the abdomen had replaced the soul in the *Times* columns, and the flavor of ice-cream—whether vanilla or strawberry—left no place for prayer.

All the same, this allegation of anachronism is sometimes a ticklish business, and one may be staggered by

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finding very modern elements in writings of authentic age. Of course, the mention of the English in the Sermon on the Mount is outside this discussion, being, as we all know, an instance of Divine Foreknowledge; but Mussolini would have been wise to ponder more profoundly the text, 'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth,' in which that mention indubitably occurs.

To descend, however, from the supernatural, I was once flabbergasted to find addressed to the evening star in the eighteenth century the romantic lines,

Speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver;

and walking one evening in Oxford with Walter Raleigh, I remarked how odd it was to think that these lines were written and published in the age of Dr. Johnson.

'They were not,' my companion categorically replied.

'Yes, they were,' I answered.

'Are you aware, sir,' he asked me, 'that I am professor of English Literature in this university?'

'I've heard malicious people say so,' I admitted.

'Well, it's the truth,' he asserted, 'and as such—as the occupant of that chair—I now inform you that those lines you quoted belong to the age of Tennyson.'

That I thereupon dragged the Professor to the Union Library, and showed him the verses in an eighteenth century book of which he had himself edited a new edition, is a favorite vainglory of mine, and one by whose means I once hoped to win the prize at a Chelsea Boasting Party; and I might have done so, if it had not been snatched from me by a distinguished lady-novelist, who remarked that she possessed a certificate of her virginity signed by the Pope, which she had procured in order to nullify a Catholic marriage at the cost of eighty pounds.

II

Shakespeare is, of course, famous for his anachronisms; all commentators note the thoughts of his own age which he attributes to the characters of former ages; but the way he pillaged the future, and robbed its unborn writers is even more scandalous and striking. Lytton Strachey has shown how in *Othello* he stole from Pope the sun of his couplets:—

She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were—
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

From Keats he bagged the Keatsian invocation of Enobarbus to the moon:—

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,

and even more extraordinary is the way he imitates Mallarmé and our modern nonsense poets in the *Phœnix and the Turtle*—that conscious and deliberate construction of a merely musical pattern of words:—

Let the priest in surplice white
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

Can Valéry or T. S. Eliot beat the beautiful meaninglessness of this?

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The Victorian sentimentality I objected to in that questionable prayer, about the lengthening shades and the hushing of the busy world, and the time when the fever of life is over—is not this mood, elegant, autumnal, elegiac, to be found in Shakespeare's Sonnets:—

No longer mourn for me when I am dead—
That time of year thou mayst in me behold?

Are not these glaring thefts from Gray's Elegy and from all that graveyard poetry of Omar Khayyam, Thomas Hardy, and the latest *succès de larmes*, the *Shropshire Lad*, for which our literature is so justly famous?

The word 'sentimental,' as I have attempted to show elsewhere, was a lovely word when it was first issued from the English eighteenth century mint, a 'perfumed term of the time,' which Sterne adopted for the title of his *Sentimental Journey* with no ironic meaning. It indicated a refined and elevated way of feeling, a sense of the briefness, the beauty and the sadness of life—the Virgilian *lachrymae rerum*, which we find in that loveliest line of Latin poetry:—

Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos,

and which melts the heart of Dante's pilgrim when he hears the *squilla di lontano*, the sound of bells in the distance that seem to mourn the dying day.

How completely today is this mood out of fashion! What a hissing and astonishment would fill the squares of Bloomsbury should a Hogarth poet try to squeeze out those

Tears from the depth of some divine despair

of which Tennyson did after all—let Bloomsbury be damned, but I will say it—did after all divinely sing!

The French have been more happy in preserving the amiable meaning of this word which they borrowed from us, and which we, in our crude English fashion, have so degraded and disgraced. Thus Barrès could ascribe *une sentimentalité très fine* to a sympathetic character, and the poet Albert Samain sing of the nightingale as

L'oiseau sentimental,
L'oiseau, triste et divin, que les ombres suscitent.

We cannot call our English nightingales sentimental birds. I think it's a pity. I think I shall write to the *Times* about it.

PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY READING ROOM

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We hear a good deal about Fascism and War these days, but the phrase evokes European rather than Oriental images. The two articles of this group link up, as cause and effect, the Fascism of Japan and the expected Asiatic war.

The Menacing Twins in Asia

Specters of Fascism and War

I. The Yellow Terror

By Edmond Demaître

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Conservative Weekly

Although the Japanese have shown an alarming eagerness to imitate everything that comes from Europe, one still does not see any black, blue, brown or red shirts in Tokyo. But in reality there is perhaps no other country in the world where there are so many Fascist organizations as in the Empire of the Rising Sun. These organizations differ from the secret and ultra-patriotic societies in that they carry on their activities in public and refuse to employ terror as a weapon of political action. They are organized very much like the regular political parties, but they all agree on one point: that it is necessary to abolish the parliamentary system and set up a dictatorship in order that the principles of nationalism may be rigorously followed.

According to several estimates, which do not seem to be exaggerated, there are approximately one hundred and thirty Fascist societies in Japan, and the total number of their followers exceeds 2 millions.

One of the most important organi-

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zations is the Dai Nippon Kokusui Kai, whose chiefs are recruited from the chiefs of the Seiyukai party. Its program includes three points: first, the revival of Samuraïism; second, the restoration of all the Emperor's powers, together with the worship accorded to his person, including sacrifice; third, a return to the ancient Japanese traditions. Another Fascist organization, the Ken Koku Kai, likewise demands the dictatorship of the Emperor, but differs essentially in adding to that a demand that the followers of any kind of Socialism be outlawed.

Among the most important Fascist associations is the Kokuhonsa, directed by Baron Hiranuma, who is looked upon as the future dictator of the country. In his supreme council one finds General Araki, Admiral Osumi, the former Minister of the Navy, Admiral Kato, the Navy Chief of Staff, and Dr. Wali, the President of the Court of Cassation. Unlike Hitler or Mussolini, Baron Hiranuma never appears in public, makes no public addresses, and professes a veritable horror of the crowd. He lives in celibacy, quite an extraordinary thing in Japan, and his Spartan-like life has become a legend in Tokyo.

The Kokuhonsa is organized after a curious hierarchic system. It includes three kinds of members: the chiefs, the members who pay dues, and the non-paying members. The paying members number approximately one hundred thousand, and are recruited mostly from the ranks of university youths.

The Kochi Sa is distinguished by the philosophical character of its doctrine. Like others it advocates the abolition of the parliamentary system, but at the same time, contradictory as this may sound, it demands freedom of thought, equality in political, fraternity in economic, and unity in moral life.

The Nippon Sujiha Domei advocates a sort of Rousseau-like Fascism. Its directors—among whom we find the well-known writer Takamobu Murobuse—believe that it is parliamentarism that prevents humanity's return to nature. Therefore parliament should be abolished and everybody should be free to go and live in the woods. While waiting for the first point of this program to be realized, the leaders, accompanied by a few of their faithful followers, have founded a sort of communal farm, where they live and preach their 'Rousseaufascistic' truth.

Another singular kind of Fascism is that preached by the Dai Nippon Sesauto, which considers the abolition of the metric system indispensable to Japan's future, although it is hard to see the connection between the metric and the parliamentary systems. Nevertheless the party has several thousand members.

Lastly, the Dai Nippon Koku Kai is a fascistic association of retired army and navy officers. Its leaders are Generals Kikuchi and Saito and Admiral Ogasawara. Their program is almost identical with that of the other military associations in that they advocate the dissolution of parliament and the regimentation of the capitalist system.

II

The military clans and the Fascist and Hitlerian organizations are not the only nor the most redoubtable opponents of the parliamentary régime in

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Japan. There are also great secret societies, whose acts of terrorism are relentlessly directed against the leaders of the political parties.

During my visit to Japan, I had an opportunity to be present at the trial of Lieutenant Inouye, who for several years was the head of the Japanese espionage system in China. After having come back to Japan, he joined a religious sect and has since then carried on extensive activities among various Pan-Asiatic organizations.

Impassive on the witness stand, the young officer answered calmly the questions put to him by the President of the Tribunal:—

'We wanted,' he declared, 'to bombard the capital with military airplanes, which we proposed to "borrow" from the Kasumigaura airdrome.'

The judges did not seem surprised. The President contented himself with jotting down a few short notes on a sheet of paper and continued to ask questions, which Lieutenant Inouye always answered with the same calm politeness. The interrogation resembled a conversation between two well-bred gentlemen, each one of whom had a lively interest in the other's affairs.

It is true that from time to time the President's voice betrayed a sort of indignation, and this was particularly evident when the young officer declared that among others he was scheduled to kill Prince Saionji, the last of the 'Genros.' (This title, which conferred certain special privileges and was reserved for the most eminent persons, being an initiation into a sort of assembly of elders, was abolished at the end of the last century.) But when the accused stated a moment later that after two days of deliberation the conspirators decided to erase from the lists of those condemned to death the name of so respected an elder, the President made a gesture which seemed to say, 'Very good, my son, very good: that shows that your heart is in the right place.'

I observed the audience. It was composed of lawyers, of a few officers, politicians and journalists. I was struck by the fact that while condemning the conspirators' plans, they obviously were sympathetic to them. And the thirteen accused men knew it. The atmosphere was favorable to them, and this increased still more the calm assurance that was evident in their gestures and words.

These thirteen officers, who proposed to kill on the same day Prince Saionji, the last of the Genros, the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal Nobuaki Makino, the Grand Chamberlain Kantaro Suzuki, the Minister of the Imperial Home Baron Iki, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs Shidehara, all belonged to the same secret society, the Brotherhood of Blood. Its members had already (in May, 1932) assassinated the President of the Council, Inukai, and tried to kill Baron Wakatsuki, whom they blamed for having signed the London Naval Treaty. It was this same society that was responsible for this February's assassinations. All these attempts were not, as a matter of fact, directed by the opposition party (the Seiyukai) against the party in power (the Minseito), but rather against parliamentarism in general, which the Brotherhood of Blood reproaches with having sacrificed the navy and army budgets to purely political or financial considerations.

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It must be noted that neither the members nor the leaders of this society do what they do in order to satisfy their personal ambitions; after having destroyed the men whose policy seems fatal to them, they never dream of taking their place. A Japanese familiar with their functions and their purposes told me recently: 'We realize very well that those who are good for overthrowing one régime and putting another in its place are not necessarily capable of assuming the task of governing the country.'

III

If the members of the Ketzumei Domeï (the Brotherhood of Blood) are recruited mostly from the army, those of another important secret society, the Koku Ryukai (the Black Dragon), are recruited mostly from the civilians and the University youths. But both of these secret societies use the same means and pursue the same aims. To seize power by violence; to abolish the parliamentary system; to muzzle the press; to set up a dictatorship; to regiment (or, so to speak, 'socialize') the functions of commerce and industry; to build a fleet as large as that of the United States or England; to pursue a rigorous armament policy; and lastly to assure Japanese political and economic expansion on the Asiatic continent—such is their program.

Neither the Brotherhood of Blood nor the Black Dragon are to be compared to the Irish secret societies or the Spanish juntas. The Japanese secret societies, as a matter of fact, have a horror of publicity. They have neither head offices nor publications; they never organize public demonstrations nor parade through the streets.

If I am to believe the information given to me in Japan, these societies are organized like cells. Their members do not know, and none among them knows, who is the head of the organization. In order to be admitted into one of these societies one must submit to an extremely severe ceremony. The orders from above are blindly executed. Cowardice or treason are punished by death. This does not necessarily mean that the chiefs execute their victims with their own hands. More often they content themselves with condemning them to commit suicide, as has been the Japanese custom for six decades. And knowing Japanese psychology it is easy to understand that these orders are respected. If the police wanted to investigate the causes of the numerous suicides that have lately taken place in Tokyo, they should first of all take the trouble to look into the political affiliations of the victims.

It is not only treason that is punishable by death. Mistakes, even involuntary, are accorded the same punishment. In this connection, a typical example has been given us in the Inouye trial. The case in question is that of Lieutenant Nishida, who, when the conspirators were planning an air raid on Tokyo, had been charged with finding out whether the police were or were not aware of this project. After a detailed investigation Lieutenant Nishida believed that he could safely tell his superiors that the authorities had not yet gotten wind of the raid. Doubtless he was purposely misled, because a few hours later the thirteen conspirators were arrested. Although it was proved that Lieu-

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tenant Nishida had not betrayed anything and was not guilty of any connection with the police, they found him dead in his apartment two days after his comrades were arrested. Needless to say, his murderer was never found.

For the hands of the secret societies in Japan are as long as the hands of Allah . . .

II. The Coming War in the East

By A Harbin Correspondent

From the *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai English-Language Weekly

ALL is set for action in Manchuria. To start the Soviet-Japanese war appears to be the easiest of all. Suffice it to enlarge one of the frequently occurring frontier incidents a little and both armies now gathered at the frontiers will leap on each other in a deadly struggle. That the situation has come to such a head appears to be obvious from the antagonistic and uncompromising attitude of each side in nearly every issue affecting Soviet-Japanese relations.

It is almost unbelievable that both sides will prove so peace-loving as to effect a speedy compromise on all the knotty problems affecting their relations. In that case, after what has been said and done, both sides will prove to be arch-bluffers. In the meanwhile, the frontier incidents mount in number as well as in gravity.

Thus the condition of war already exists. It seems to be the simplest matter to evolve it into war, for which both sides—Japan and the U. S. S. R. —appear to be ready. It will obviously be one of the bloodiest and the most destructive wars the world has ever seen, far surpassing in this respect the last World War. In view of this extremely serious situation, it is timely to examine the strategic peculiarities of the impending war as told to the writer by a military expert whose name cannot for obvious reasons be disclosed.

One need not be an expert, he said, to see that Manchuria is in a peculiarly advantageous position in war against the U. S. S. R. Being surrounded on all sides by mountain ranges (the Great Khingan Mountains in the west, the Ilkuri-Alin and the Little Khingan Mountains in the north and the Tienboshan Mountains in the east), Manchuria represents a vast fortress situated between loosely connected Soviet territories in Trans-Baikal and the Maritime Provinces of Siberia. In view of these peculiar topographic characteristics, Manchuria is in a specially advantageous situation for both offensive and defensive operations against the Red Army. The three rivers—the Argun, the Amur and the Ussuri—running along the named mountain ranges, serve as natural ditches which will have been taken and crossed by the invading army before it reaches the footsteps of these mountains. Judging by the experience of the Great War, as well as of the present Italo-Abyssinian campaign, it appears to be certain that, if these mountain ranges are held by a modern army, in the present case by the Japanese Army, they will be made almost

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impregnable. Hence the Red Army will have to seek a decision in plains lying before these mountains, presumably along the Outer Mongolian as well as the eastern frontiers.

The most suitable season for the Japanese Army to begin war is certainly the spring or the summer, for operations of 1918–1922 in Siberia proved conclusively that the Japanese troops were at their best in warm seasons, whereas the Red Army would welcome the commencement of operations in the winter, as the Russian soldier is better adapted to cold than his Japanese adversary is.

However, there is one serious disadvantage for the Japanese to begin war in the warm season; it will be difficult, if not entirely impossible, to cross the Amur River with a view to cutting off the Amur Railway at its most vulnerable places near the river. On the other side, the Japanese air force, on which the high command will rely from the first hour of hostilities, would be at its best in the warm season, whilst the Soviets, judging by their spectacular flights in the Arctic, appear to have developed motors capable of hitchless running in the coldest part of the season.

For the Japanese another advantage of beginning war operations in the warm season lies in the possibility of utilizing their navy to the fullest extent, which can be done only in the spring or the summer. In that case, the huge Soviet coastal line, extending from the Bering Strait down to the Soviet-Korean frontier, would be open to attacks. The Japanese will doubtless take full advantage of this superiority, harassing the Soviet side by demonstrations all along the coastal line, which will, however, have no effect on the main issue then being fought out on Manchurian battlefields.

It is obvious that both sides will pursue one aim: to crush the enemy in the shortest possible time, for which purpose they will throw all available forces—air, land and naval—in the field. Hence the first weeks of the combat will defy all comparison, both sides clashing in a series of continuous frontal assaults all along the frontier line extending from Suiyuan Province in China up to the Soviet-Korean border. Both sides will have one purpose underlying all their activities—to snatch the initiative of action from the enemy, to bend him to their own will, and by a series of continuous onslaughts to crush him entirely and completely. This will necessitate the bringing of all available reserves and throwing them to the main strategic points. The Manchurian railways and highways, on which the Japanese have been busy since 1932, will have proved invaluable in these hours of trial.

II

Assuming that the hostilities have begun in the warm season, it is only natural to expect that the decisive battles will be fought out in the west and in the east. In the west, the front will extend from the Kerulen River all along the Argun River valley, the main clashes occurring on the flanks, especially in the Kerulen River valley. For an expert, the present frontier clashes in this district have therefore a double meaning—to secure a strategic position menacing the flank and the rear of the enemy. A flanking attack on the enemy centered along the Chinese Eastern Railway or its con-

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tinuation to Chita would therefore work wonders.

In the east, the main battle is likely to be fought out on the front extending from the Possiet Bay to Lake Khanka with no less severe battles along the Ussuri River. On the outcome of this grand battle the fate of Vladivostok will depend—whether it will remain cut off from the main body of the Red Army or not. The first and the most sanguinary air battles are likely to take place here, because the Soviet air bases located near Vladivostok and Nikolsk-Ussuriski, by virtue of their proximity to the frontier, constitute a permanent menace to Manchuria, Korea and Japan, and the Japanese will most certainly try to eliminate this danger once and for all.

The operations on other strategic directions, *e.g.* in the regions of Kalgan, Dolon Nor, Bor Nor, the Amur and the Ussuri Rivers, will have more or less the character of demonstrations facilitating the main operations along the western and eastern fronts. On the other hand, the outcome of these operations is likely to depend upon the results of relatively minor operations on the flanks of the contending armies, for on the main fronts the operations will very soon take the form of trench warfare. It is therefore correct to assume that no less importance will be given to demonstrations and side-maneuvers aimed at outflanking the enemy and menacing his communications. The extended character of the front, occupying an enormous area from Suiyuan Province to the Possiet Bay in the east, affords an excellent opportunity for the exercise of military talents not only in general headquarters, charged with the conduct of all operations, but more specifically of those in charge of independent demonstrations.

Many persons ask: Who will come out victorous in this war? The question is obviously out of the scope of pure strategy; but the true answer to it should be sought in the state of the rear during the extended warfare. In this respect, both sides appear to be not quite as safe as some people assume.

Who Loveth Well . . .

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has asked the Emperor of Abyssinia to accept the Silver Medal for Meritorious Services. This is the Society's highest award. It is to be in recognition of the Emperor's having presented land on which an animals' hospital has been built, and for his support of the Animal Protection Society in Abyssinia. His daughter is Vice-President of that society. In 1933 Signor Mussolini was awarded this medal for declaring the island of Capri a bird sanctuary.

—From the *Daily Telegraph*, London

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Persons and Personages

Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria

By Verax

Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Paris Conservative Bi-Monthly

TODAY, fortunately, it is more difficult to gain access to Vienna's Ballplatz than it used to be. A detachment of specially chosen guards, proudly bearing the name of 'Infantry of the Guard,' and garrisoned in the wing facing the Hofburg, stands on sentry duty all around the palace. Some of them are posted under the high portal, which was so easily passed by the *Putschists'* lorries on that fateful day in July, 1934. These handsome fellows—they are all chosen for their stature as well as for their military qualities—also mount guard over the staircase, once scaled by Planetta and his men, up to the room where the ex-officer fired point blank at his illustrious victim.

Today this same room is the office of Chancellor Schuschnigg's two private secretaries. But its appearance has hardly changed since the day of Dollfuss's murder. The chairs, covered with old-fashioned brocade, in which the martyred Chancellor used to receive some of his French visitors, are still there: only the sofa which completed the set, and which the dying man drenched with his life's blood, has been taken away to be put in the annex of the 'Church of the Two Chancellors,' where Dollfuss and Seipel sleep their last sleep side by side. A lamp burns night and day before a statue of the Mater Dolorosa, which was given to Dollfuss by a Tyrolean sculptor after the first unsuccessful attempt on his life. When one enters the adjoining cabinet, now occupied by the President of the Council, one sees the death-mask of his predecessor piously set in a place of honor.

Kurt Schuschnigg has also changed little. This man, whom the dying Chancellor named, with fever-parched lips, as his successor, is now only thirty-nine years old. He is a tall, blond intellectual. His blue-gray eyes, behind their tortoise-shell glasses, have a peculiar caressing sweetness when he smiles his frank, youthful smile. They can grow luminous when he talks about Racine at a Congress of *Pan-Europa* or steel-gray and hard when he exhorts the crowds of the Catholic youths, whom he has organized into military groups.

Kurt von Schuschnigg comes from one of those families which formed the backbone of Old Austria and contributed some of its best elements to the New. Fate did well in making him a Tyrolean (he was born in Riva,

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December 14, 1897), and thus giving him for his birthplace a region which represented the 'yellow and black' Imperial tradition, but which historical and geographical factors had made a veritable cosmopolitan melting pot. When he was nine years old he left the good elementary school in Vienna where his father was then on garrison duty and entered the *Stella Matutina*, the famous Jesuit school at Vorarlberg, known of old as a traditional nursery of the Austrian aristocracy and high bourgeoisie.

He was a model pupil there, particularly amazing his schoolmates and teachers by his natural, cultivated eloquence, a quality which still distinguishes him today. The good fathers, remaining faithful to the tradition of the educational value of the theater, discovered in him a talent for acting—doubtless another unconscious preparation for his political life. His schoolmates recall that even then he had a horror of injustice and trickery. Although a good sport, 'he would never prompt in class: he took his work too seriously for that,' one of them told me, with an amusing little twinge of malice.

He graduated with high honors. That was in 1915. The son of General von Schuschnigg was not content to fight Livy's and Shakespeare's battles. He volunteered in the fourth artillery regiment, and soon won his second lieutenant's stripes. In 1917, when he was nineteen years old, he distinguished himself in action as an artillery observer—a position of great responsibility, as anyone familiar with military science knows. During the last days of the War, both he and his father were taken prisoner, and were not released until the following year.

KURT VON SCHUSCHNIGG'S political convictions and militant ardor made it impossible for him to go on peacefully practicing his lawyer's profession. Politics called him, and so the young Tyrolean soon came to head the Catholic youth movement, and in time attracted the attention of a Viennese in the Christian Social party, Magister Seipel.

The two men differed in many respects. One was a son of the common people, a plebeian who, despite his origins, was drawing farther and farther away from the masses: he saw them only as an abstract entity to whose regeneration he had pledged his efforts. The other, a descendant of many generals, was an aristocrat who entered into the political and social battle with an inherited instinct to command, reinforced by personal experience under fire. Besides this there was a considerable difference in age—some twenty years. But, on the other hand, how many points the two had in common—even physical resemblance, which struck all who knew them! There was an astonishing similarity in the construction of their faces, in the planes of their brows, in their vigorously drawn eyebrows, their hooked noses, prominent cheekbones, obstinate jaws, and thin lips.

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And the moral resemblance was even more striking. Both of them lived only for two causes, which were blended into one in their minds and hearts: Catholicism, and Austrian national consciousness. Both worked under a profoundly religious inspiration, which colored all their activities —an inspiration which the one acquired in the Seminary, the other in the *Stella Matutina*. All their speeches were like sermons; even now the classical formula of 'three points' divides Schuschnigg's speeches into 'first,' 'secondly,' and 'thirdly.' Both of them were monarchists, but convinced that restoration was impossible, and that a good patriot ought to strive to attain the well-being and prosperity of his country under whatever régime was for the moment best able to keep order. On account of the affection shown him by its aging chief, Schuschnigg, who was elected a deputy at twenty-nine, was soon dubbed the 'dauphin of the Christian Socialist Party.'

In the Parliament Kurt von Schuschnigg proved himself so competent a jurist that he was given the post of permanent reporter on juridical and budgetary questions. His report on the constitutional reform of 1929, exceptionally lucid in style and well-grounded in doctrine, brought its author such renown that, when the cabinet was re-formed under Buresch, in January, 1932, the deputy Schuschnigg was appointed Minister of Justice. One of his colleagues, who was a little older than he, the Minister of Agriculture Dollfuss, soon became his best friend. Seipel regarded the two men as the leading representatives of their generation: he used all his influence to push them to the fore. Both of these 'prelate's choir-boys,' as they were derisively called by their opponents of the Left, were stirred by the same love for country and Church. Schuschnigg, alone of all the Ministers of that cabinet, remained staunchly at Dollfuss's side when the latter became the President of the Council, through the portentous years of the struggle of the Christian corporative régime against the double attack of international Marxism and Nazi Pan-Germanism.

In May, 1933, the Minister of Justice added to his portfolio another one: that of Public Education. Schuschnigg had always understood that the real stake in the battle being waged by the Austrian patriots was the youth of Austria, whose respect for tradition was destroyed in the dark post-War years. Conscious of the decisive rôle the younger generation was bound to play in the future, he was able to organize schoolboys and students into the rapidly growing *Sturmscharen*, but so far only under religious auspices. As Minister of Education he commanded a much wider jurisdiction. His main purpose was to restore to patriotism and religion the prestige which they had lost in public education. Particular pressure was brought to bear on the universities, where the continued indulgence of the professors had permitted an abnormal

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development of pro-Germanic sentiments—sentiments dangerously exploited by the wearers of the Swastika. 'Patriotic' education—including pre-military training—became an integral part of school and university programs.

THE assassination of Dr. Dollfuss, in July, 1934, and the uprisings of the militant Hitlerites which followed, began Schuschnigg's career as Chancellor under a bloody star—a specially painful ordeal for that profoundly Christian idealist. The way he came out of this ordeal gained him prestige both at home and abroad. He had to travel a good deal (luckily he likes traveling, as he told me himself). He went to Italy, to Hungary, to London, Paris, and Prague. Everywhere he went, the reserve which was naturally maintained toward the unknown young man who had taken over the illustrious Dollfuss's post gave way to the warmest sympathy and the most sincere esteem. Along with the various political, economic and cultural treaties, Schuschnigg brought back from his journey a series of decorations to add to those won in the War. At official gatherings the profusion of medals and ribbons he wears on his black frock coat seems oddly at variance with his face, which, in spite of his prematurely gray hair, is still so young.

Chancellor Schuschnigg is a lover of art in all its forms, but particularly (as is natural in a typical Austrian) of music. He acquired a taste for sacred music in school, but, besides the best French and Italian composers, he also loves the great Austrian classics, and particularly Beethoven. He has a special section in his library reserved for the composer of the *Eroica*. On some of his rare evenings of relaxation he loves to listen to *Fidelio*, that forgotten old opera whose revival is one of the triumphant events of the day. He has participated in a very special way in another revival, too: that of Gluck's ancient masterpiece, *Orpheus and Eurydice*, whose Elysian beauty was interpreted by Bruno Walter. Is it surprising to learn that on that occasion the future Chancellor played the 'cello?

When I asked him about his tastes and his recreations, I already knew that, as a former officer, he rides horseback whenever he can spare the time before putting in his unfailingly punctual appearance at one of his offices. He told me also that he loved swimming. Smilingly we ran over these two forms of sport, which are so closely associated with politics.

The musician, the art lover, and the sportsman combined in the Minister of Education to call forth the activities in which he engaged at a moment when it was necessary for the State to step in and take over the services formerly rendered by the now destitute Mæcenases—services without which a nation's artistic level would inevitably decline.

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It is not by chance that Schuschnigg's name is so closely connected with the Venice Biennale, with the success of the Salzburg festivals, and with the cultural pacts in whose promulgation his Government has taken the initiative, and one of which has recently been concluded between Vienna and Paris.

IN ORDER to summarize Chancellor Schuschnigg's position on the principal problems which his Government faces today, it would be easy to refer to his addresses, which he has built up into a sort of permanent manual. I thought it preferable to get an up-to-date summary of his activities from his own lips, and this he consented to give me through the medium of an unofficial statement. This is in substance what the Chancellor said:—

'A complete reconstruction of the Government was necessary to bring a new Austria into being. The "Dollfuss course of action" means, on the one hand, adherence to the general line of Austrian independence; on the other, the creation of the corporative régime. At the time of Dollfuss's assassination, the foundations of the latter had already been legally fixed by the constitution of 1934. From then on it was merely a matter of carrying out the project according to given directions. There was never any question of copying the forms of government of any other countries. On the contrary, we are convinced that every state ought to shape its government in accordance with its own peculiar historical, social and economic conditions.

'The corporative Christian Government which is now being set up in Austria is not at all opposed to the principles of true democracy. But it is necessary to know just what the word means. If it means the right of the people to help govern themselves within the limits of their professional or social interests, or the perfect equality of all before the law, then the new Austrian constitution is an excellent example of democracy. Only it aims to help these principles take a more adequate modern form. The elevation of the masses into a ruling class led Austria into a situation which became unbearable as soon as it was necessary to carry on the struggle for independence.

'It cannot be denied that, without any compulsion on our part, the last three years rallied all the forces of Austrian national consciousness to the defense of Austrian independence. This rally has been accomplished by the Patriotic Front, which has replaced the old political parties. But let me explain here how the political development of Austria differs from that of the other countries in which there has been a deviation from the principles of ultra-parliamentary democracy. In Austria there is no law decreeing the identity of the Patriotic Front with the Government. The functions of the head of the government and those of

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the chief of the political organization may coincide, as they did in the case of Dollfuss, but this is not required by law. I believe it to be a typical characteristic of a corporative Christian State (which, as I have already said, has many genuine democratic traits) that the two functions can be entrusted to different hands—as long as the will of the Austrian people is taken into consideration. Thus we have a guarantee against dictatorship or despotism.

'It goes without saying that all the professional organizations, and particularly those of the workers and employers, have found their place in the ranks of the Patriotic Front. The rumors constantly spread by anti-Austrian propagandists of supposed dissension in the ranks of the Austrian patriots are fortunately false. The last three years have given us sufficient proof of this. The responsible leaders of the party do not pay much attention to these rumors. They know what they want, and they have already advanced by methodical stages far along the road of reconstruction.

'The New Austria is not a powerful factor in international politics. We understand that perfectly. But we do believe that even the reduced Austria of today still remains an important and perhaps indispensable ally of whoever desires to work for the peace of Europe and therefore for the progress of humanity and the happiness of all nations.

'We certainly believe that the dismemberment of the former great Danubian economic area was a fatal mistake. The men who wrote the treaty of St. Germain should rather have sought ways and means of giving the peoples of Central Europe the economic complements of which they are in such great need. Today no one can any longer speak of a political, military or national menace from the Danubian region. In view of this it should be all the easier to obtain coöperation without arousing any resentment. I am firmly convinced that the time is favorable to these ideas, and I am happy that they are finding an ever-widening reception.

'The value of cultural contacts—and I am far from forgetting those with France—is obvious to anyone who remembers the many intellectual ties which have always bound Vienna to the rest of the world. The pact which we have already signed with our neighbors of Hungary and Italy has contributed greatly to the mutual understanding of the three nations.

'The stronger are the spiritual, artistic, literary—in a word, cultural—ties uniting our capitals, the more certain will we be that a universal idea uniting all men will eventually triumph over the antagonisms now dividing the nations. One does not need to believe in the old dream, beautiful as it was, of the possibility of eliminating all conflicting interests, and establishing eternal peace, to recognize that the world's

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intellectual community must have at least some permanent centers, some super-natural markets of exchange for spiritual commodities; and that is why, without forgetting the importance of its Germanic past and its Germanic characteristics, it is in eternal *Austria* that I believe.'

Charles Maurras and the Action Française

By D. W. Brogan

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THE smashing-in of President Loubet's hat at a race meeting was one of the turning-points of the great Dreyfus crisis; and the attack on Mr. Léon Blum may be the turning-point in the attack on parliamentary democracy, which has raged in France since the winter of 1933–4. It is, at any rate, symbolically fitting that the attack should have resulted in the suppression of the Action Française and the conviction of Mr. Charles Maurras on a charge of incitement to murder.

M. Maurras is now seventy, and for thirty years has been one of the most potent forces in moulding the mind of France. A whole generation has been marked by his thought, positively or negatively. The future doctor of the neo-royalist school is not, he has told us, strictly a '*blanc du midi*,' one of those meridional royalists by birth and family tradition who have never wavered in their devotion to the House of France. His family were staunchly Catholic, and were taken in for a time by the Second Empire and even by Mr. Thiers and the Third Republic. But their son, educated at Catholic schools, escaping the irreligious atmosphere of the State *lycées*, lost his belief in the faith of his fathers very early, and for a time remained in politics, as in theology, an agnostic. His first efforts at influencing the mind of his time were literary; he was a poet and a critic of the '*école romane*,' whose literary importance does not seem today to be of the first order. It was a commission from his paper, the venerable and impotent royalist *Gazette de France*, that revealed to Mr. Maurras his mission. He was sent to report the Olympic Games of 1896 at Athens. His passion for classical antiquity was given new force, and his pride as a Frenchman was humiliated, by his discovery of how far France had fallen in the outside world from her natural estate as *la grande nation*.

These bitter reflections were made even less palatable by the great agitation in favor of risking the military safety of France (from the point of view of Mr. Maurras) to right a supposed injustice done to a Jewish officer. Mr. Maurras did not admit, then or since, that any injustice had been done; but even if Dreyfus were innocent, his liberty was too dearly bought at the expense of endangering France. Justice

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was a vague and uncertain word; France was a reality more beneficent and more tangible than any other presented to Frenchmen by this dark universe. With these doctrines firmly held and constantly asserted, Mr. Maurras threw himself into the struggle, and the obscure poet and critic was soon known as the most formidable of the assailants of the Dreyfusards.

He was acclaimed by the young and ardent, by Henry Vaugeois, by Jacques Bainville; then, in 1904, by the French Cobbett, Léon Daudet. The review, *L'Action Française*, founded by Vaugeois, soon became the main vehicle of Maurrasian doctrine, and, to the amusement of many and the anger of some, the central political doctrine taught was that the only salvation of France lay in a return to the monarchy—and that not to any milk-and-water imitation of English constitutional monarchy. The King would reign *and* govern. France needed a government 'with a punch,' and she could only get it from the 'heir of the forty kings who in a thousand years made France.'

TO A generation looking on the Bourbons as being as remote as the Merovingians, thinking of the Pretender (as did Swann) chiefly as a social leader with whom it was *chic* to have relations, the new doctrine seemed fantastic. So it seems to most Frenchmen to this day, but Mr. Maurras made many converts—great figures like Jules Lemaître and then Paul Bourget and, more significant, hundreds of young men. The review became a daily in 1908, and as the menace of a great war became clearer, the Action Française was one of the great forces behind the nationalist revival. In that revival many collaborated, but all of the leaders recognized the primacy of Mr. Maurras. That power of command was based mainly on the pen. Both friends and enemies have borne testimony to the astonishing dialectic powers which M. Maurras can develop in conversation; but a steadily increasing deafness makes it impossible for him to talk to more than one person at a time, and this destroys any oratorical ambitions that may be present, and forces greater and greater reliance on writing.

The Royalist leader is not a conspicuous public figure. Most of his waking hours are spent in writing or in reading in preparation for the daily leading article. In summer he spends a holiday in his house, *Le Chemin de Paradis*, near Martigues, and that Etang de Berre whose glories he has celebrated. His flat is guarded by 'Camelots du roi,' who do their spell of duty with a zeal that is touching. It is no more remarkable than Mr. Maurras's. He early lost faith in all absolutes; but one relative good is so supreme in his classification of categories that it is, for all practical purposes, as much an absolute as any talked about by dangerous German or imbecile French philosophers. Only within a secure

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France can a Frenchman live and only within the French tradition can he live well. Outside that tradition are the 'four confederated states,' Free-Masons, Protestants, Jews, '*métèques*,' the rulers of modern France who put some other good—of their race, of their religion, of their 'ideals'—before that of France.

Mr. Maurras is not a Catholic, but there is a sense in which he can claim to be a Roman Catholic, with the emphasis on the adjective. The great merit of the Church is that it has disciplined the dangerous Hebraic ideas of the Bible that from Luther through Rousseau and Kant have come to plague modern Europe and modern France. Mr. Maurras, from the moment he became a political force, has tried to keep his own religious views in the background, though an old Catholic collaborator now estranged from him (Mr. Louis Dimier) tells us that Mr. Maurras once declared that 'your religion has defiled the world.' But when the choice is between Rome and Geneva or Jerusalem there can be no hesitation. It is important to remember that the Reformation is a live issue in Provence and that, by ancestry, Mr. Maurras is as decidedly on one side of the fence as Mr. André Gide is on the other. In a revealing anecdote, Mr. Maurras tells us how he denounced Calvinism to a rising young politician who was, like himself, sympathetic to decentralization and the renascence of the Midi—to discover that Mr. Doumergue (for it was he) was himself one of the hated sect:—

Heretics all, wherever you be,
In Tarbes or Nîmes or over the Sea,
You never shall have a good word from me,
Caritas non conturbat me.

It does not, indeed, and even the tolerant French have found some of the attacks in the *Action Française* intolerably brutal.

The paper reached its height of influence during and after the War; it helped to overthrow Messrs. Caillaux and Malvy, then to overthrow Mr. Briand and bring about the invasion of the Ruhr. Its quarrel with the Church came to a head in 1926, and it is rumored that it was not the infidel Mr. Maurras, but the bellicosely Catholic Mr. Daudet who refused to climb down. The condemnation cost the movement dear in money and prestige, but the Stavisky affair and the rise of Hitlerism brought it new power. 'We told you so!' was not an ineffective cry in face of the corruption of the administration by a *métèque* and the apparent demonstration of the folly of the policy of concessions to Germany preached by Briand—and endorsed by Pope Pius XI. In the riots that culminated on the sixth of February, the Camelots du roi were, if not the most numerous, the most skilful assailants of the police.

But that success was damaging to the Action, for many of its normal

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supporters went over to the more powerful Croix de Feu. The recovery of the Left from its panic, the financial troubles of the organization, the rage provoked by the survival of such politicians as Mr. Chautemps and the sorrow caused by the death of Mr. Bainville have had a not unnatural conclusion. It is not the first time that Mr. Maurras has faced such charges, and, odious as the assault was, there is some sympathy for the old man eloquent. Even his enemies have to admit his disinterestedness, for talents like his have a high price in France, but they have never been put on the market. They have, instead, been devoted to a cause not merely lost, but antipathetic. For Mr. Maurras is by temperament not an ally of authority, but a *frondeur*, the natural author of *mazarinades*, and the clash between his principles and his temperament has only been averted by the hopelessness of his cause.

Mikhail Nikolaievich Tukhachevski

By Max Werner

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague German Émigré Weekly

TUKHACHEVSKI is the most talked of army leader in Europe these days. The negotiations which he conducted in London and Paris were intended to build up the military foundations of the newly rising Entente. They were the most important negotiations of this kind since 1918.

The deep interest this leader of the Red Army has aroused in the west is readily understood. Tukhachevski has done much for the modernization of the Red Army. He was commandant of the western (White Russian) military district of the Soviet Union, and he is without doubt more familiar with the regions along the western Soviet border than any other person. Even his enemies respect him. General von Cochenhausen, a great military theorist of the Third Reich, has written a book about the history of the military arts 'from Prince Eugene to Tukhachevski;' and the Russian émigré Colonel Zaitzev calls him the most eminent expert the Red Army has.

Tukhachevski is an expert soldier and a party man as well. Of noble birth, he was an officer of the guards in the famous Semyonov Regiment of the Tsarist Army, and distinguished himself by his reckless bravery during the World War. When Sievers' army was shattered, Tukhachevski was taken prisoner by the Germans. He attempted to escape several times and was taken to the fortress of Ingolstadt, where the most unruly prisoners were confined. The French journalist de Fervacque, who was a fellow prisoner, tells of the young lieutenant's audacity and defiance. News of the Russian Revolution spread abroad. A rare case—the lieu-

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tenant of the guards sympathized with the revolutionary Left while he was still a prisoner! His fifth attempt to escape succeeded. In revolutionary Petrograd Tukhachevski soon found his place in the headquarters of the Red Army—and not merely as an expert: he became a Communist.

In the Civil War he forged his way rapidly to the front ranks. The first large troop concentration of the Red Army, the First Army, was placed under his command, and his troops won the Soviet Army's first significant victory. This was near Simbirsk, in the summer of 1918. Later, in the fall of 1919, as commander of the Fifth Army, he defeated Kolchak in Siberia.

Tukhachevski was now anxious to transform the Red Army into a regular army as quickly as possible. His capacity for work, his tenacity, and his ingenuity strategically were astonishing. He sought to comprehend empirically the strategic measures of the Civil War; he studied the special movements of the troops over vast distances; he learned to stake everything on one card—and win in doing it. Then the twenty-seven-year-old general developed a political doctrine of warfare, the theory of socialist 'external class war.'

Came the Russo-Polish War. Why did Tukhachevski's offensive fail? In his book, *The Campaign on the Vistula*, he attempted to give an answer: the failure was due to the economic exhaustion of Soviet Russia and the strategic errors the commanding officers committed. In his work, *The Year 1920*, Pilsudski attacked this view. He stated that Tukhachevski 'was indisputably no ordinary commander,' but a man with 'an exaggerated tendency to think in abstract terms.' Maybe so; objectively Pilsudski was doubtless right on one point: Tukhachevski came to grief over the gigantic distances in eastern Europe, for he was not able to master them.

THE defeat before Warsaw taught the Red Army the very lesson which the defeat near Narva taught the army of Peter the Great. Tukhachevski did not forget his failure. It was then that he became a believer in the small, highly trained army, and an opponent of the militia. 'The militia system is Communist defeatism,' he wrote in January, 1921. He became a passionate propagandist for technical progress. Mastery of space—that meant motorization and air forces. Tukhachevski has been the moving spirit of the Red Army's technical reforms. Round about 1930–31 the Red Army developed from the level of an eastern army to the standards of the armies of western Europe. Later even these standards were surpassed.

Fifteen years ago Tukhachevski dreamed of a small, highly trained army. Today he has a large, highly trained army instead. The strategic

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weakness which was evident then can never return. The strategic impetus received then has been given a powerful technical foundation.

It was a shrewd move to have the young Marshal, who possessed all the social graces, conduct the negotiations in London and Paris. He is the man who is regarded as the actual reformer of the Red Army. In Paris, Tukhachevski spoke with Marshal Pétain, with Chief of Staff Gamelin, with the Chiefs of the Air and Navy Staffs, as well as with all three Ministers of National Defense. This contact between the general staffs was over-due. The old Russian Military Convention of 1891 did indeed provide for simultaneous declarations of war, but a common plan of campaign was not then projected. The additions during the years 1911–13 did not change the picture much. Without a doubt the Franco-Soviet Pact is purely defensive; nevertheless trusted methods of coöperation must be prepared in case of a hostile attack. The organization of a common defense for France and the Soviet Union would be a great achievement for Europe. Today the young Marshal emerges as the military organizer of a powerful European defensive coalition.

Peccavi

When the House of Lords yesterday considered the special orders made under the Government of India Act, which set up an interim Constitution for the provinces of Orissa and Sind pending the beginning of the new Indian Constitution, Lord Zetland, Secretary for India, who submitted the orders for approval, killed the story that Sir Charles Napier announced the conquest of Sind in a message of one word to the Governor General: '*Peccavi*' ('I have sinned').

'It is a good story,' said Lord Zetland, 'and it will be found in more than one history of repute. It is always against one's inclinations to spoil a good story, but I am bound to say in the interests of historical accuracy that my investigation into the matter seems to show that no foundation for the story exists. I have been told by men of an older generation that it is very unlikely that Sir Charles Napier had even as much knowledge of Latin as to enable him to send a dispatch of even one word in that language'. Lord Zetland added that the story probably had its origin in a paragraph in *Punch* in 1845. At any rate he had not been able to track it back any farther.

—From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester

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The leader of a pre-Nazi German youth movement, disillusioned with Hitler, calls on his followers to resume the struggle which the Nazis have betrayed.

An Epistle to *the* Discontented

By Kleo Pleyer

Translated from *Blut und Boden*, Hanover Organ of the *Bündische* Movement

[*The following article is a document of prime interest because it throws a ray of light on the unrest and dissatisfaction which are known to exist in Hitler Germany but which are so seldom revealed to outsiders in any form except that of the international crises the Nazis precipitate to quiet them. It was written by Kleo Pleyer, the founder and leader of the semi-socialistic and nationalistic youth movement which was known as the* Bündische Bewegung. *Despite the fact that Pleyer was himself a Nazi, the* Bündische Bewegung *was dissolved in 1933. But its organ* Blut und Boden *continued to be published, and for a long time it appeared to be in general accord with Nazi policies. Yet, like many another early follower of Hitler, Pleyer seems to have been disillusioned at last. The publication in* Blut und Boden *of the article we have translated resulted in the instant suppression of that magazine. Readers who follow its wordy course closely will observe that it raises, among others, the following serious charges against the Nazi régime: that it has bogged down; that it harbors and befriends reactionary influences; that it is pursuing an anti-Russian policy, though Germany has not a single quarrel with her eastern neighbor; that it has delivered Germany into the hands of countless prefects; that it has substituted the totalitarian state for the folk community it promised; that, despite its pledges, it has not broken the power of capital; and that it has developed the State at the expense of the people. It was probably an accumulation of resentments such as these which forced Hitler to reoccupy the Rhineland.*—The Editors.]

PRESENT-DAY National Socialism is evolution become static, movement become state. It is the fate

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of every victorious movement that having reached its goal it not only fulfills but also spends itself. He to whom the movement and its form are ends in themselves may regret this. Those, however, who, like us, have helped in the National Socialist movement as an instrument of German resurgence will ever be bent upon carrying on with renewed energy that resurgence of the German people. The Latin nations, parliamentary-imperialist France and Fascist Italy, may reach their highest achievements by holding to the state they have created. We Germans, however, are a people of movement. By holding to a definite state of being we weaken and dissipate ourselves. Only in the onward surging movement do we release our innermost potentialities, do we reach the heights of effectiveness. For us it is not the war of position but the war of motion which is the suitable method of warfare. This is true of the entire German struggle for existence.

Progress does not exclude—on the contrary, it requires—the consolidation and extension of what has already been achieved. Such extension and fortification has been the task of National Socialism since it took over power. We are minded to lend a vigorous hand in these tasks; indeed, we are doing so, especially where the real National Socialist will is already being objectively realized. This is the case in the whole field of popular education in so far as it is modeled on the *bündische* example of character-, military-, and labor-training. This is the case also with those beginnings in rural settlements for which our movement has furnished a model. This is the case, further, with the Pan-German work along the borders and abroad, work which we have built up in the past decade and which now needs merely to be carried on. This is true, finally, of the cultural life of youth, to which we have given such strong impetus and direction through our folk-song and folk-dance movement, through our celebrations of holidays, and through the manifold artistic work of the *Wandervögel* (Friends of Nature), as well as of the later *bündische* youth movement.

II

It is, however, precisely at those points at which we are today lending a hand that we feel most directly the resistance offered by the powers of the 'Restoration' against our efforts for the reshaping of German life. In the Labor Service our comrades have encountered antiquated institutions of the age of Kaiser Wilhelm. The great settlement projects are opposed by a superannuated system of large landownership, which is as secure in Germany today as it was in France during the Restoration. This system is prepared to cede, if need be, a piece of land of inferior quality—which sounds very well in print, but is of no significance for a practical settlement program, which must be carried out on the best available soil. In the Pan-German work along the borders we are confronted by a reawakening of German separatist thought, a holdover from the older generation; and in our work abroad we are facing a new westernization, which has sprung partly from youth groups. A hundred years hence the historian will in all probability be unable to understand why old-line diplomacy, supported by a section of the country's young men,

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should have sought to create the most intimate relations with the west and south, from which Germany has suffered so much humiliation, while having no, or at best very poor, relations with the new Russia, with which we have not a single point of friction. The anti-westerners—how complete their silence is today! Shake them out of their slumber, whoever sees them!

The danger of westernization, however, confronts us not only in the field of foreign relations but also at home. The Napoleonic and Fascist examples lead to a confusion of the Latin prefect with the Germanic Führer principle. Germany's countless Führers are only in part actual leaders bound to their followers by ties of comradeship. For the most part they are prefects, mere superiors and commanders.

German life, however, will in the long run tolerate only that form of *bündische* organization which is peculiar to itself and consists in coöperation between the forces of collectivism and leadership. The denial of the collective will to autonomy can only be a temporary measure which serves the uniform adjustment of social forces, but which must be rescinded when this adjustment has been achieved. It is only from this angle that we can understand the new Prussian community code. The totalitarian state is the deadly enemy of German life—in so far as it means a Romish-central, Caesarean-Papist state without autonomy.

It is a natural law of political science that the state extends its dominion along the line of least resistance. This is true in the field of foreign as well as of domestic affairs. The greatest resistance against the expansion of domestic German sovereignty is offered by industry and the Church; to be more exact, by exploiting international private capital in Germany and by the German section of the Roman-Catholic International. Until these two powers have been vanquished inwardly and outwardly, there can be no permanent folk community and no sovereign state.

Despite all Socialistic professions, the power of private capital has not been broken. It bedecks itself with Swastika flags, and contributes to the *Winterhilfe*, under the slogan of 'Socialism of Action,' a few hundred marks, of which people have previously been mulcted a thousand times over. It attempts to prove that unemployment can be abolished within the capitalist system, a contention which will soon prove to be an illusion. We of the *bündische* movement are not a militia. We are not the guardians of capitalist economy. We are the advocates of the new society, in which all economy will be organized collectively and will actually be under the sovereignty of the people and the Reich.

III

It is not the first time that a majority has thought that German life was secure and that it was being led toward a bright future, when actually Germany was being threatened at home and abroad and facing grave struggles. It was thus in 1871, and again in the era of Kaiser Wilhelm. We want to be awake and armed, to carry on at a thousand places in the country the guerilla war against the dangers of paralysis, enslavement, and romanization! We do not want to fal

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into the fatal error of believing that the whole life of the people must merge with the State. The State is static. The people are a fellowship in an historical mission; they are dynamic, the flow of life, motion. We want not only the State but the Reich. It is the Reich that includes State and people, rest and motion. We of the *bündische* movement are the people; we are the impetus and the restlessness. The *Wandervögel*, the World War, the National Socialist movement, the new State are but stages and fronts along which the *bündische* advance of this century surges toward the goal: the collective society, the unity of the people in their own fate, the first true German Reich.

Life on the Dole

Sir:—Forced to exist on 4s. weekly for food in one room without fires or cooking facilities here is a typical week's expenditure. I drink water only.

4 Tins Salmon	1s. 0d.
2 Wholemeal loaves	7½
3 Tins Sardines	9
4 Punnets Mustard and Cress	8
1½ lb. Margarine	7½
½ lb. Cheese	3½
	3s. 11½d.

Can any reader kindly suggest a better choice? I am 63.

30 Union Street, Maidstone. A. E. Minton

Sir:—May I reply to your correspondent's letter on existing on 4s. a week, as I have to do about the same? I do not find two loaves of bread enough in my case, and I should say a little milk in the cold water to drink. The carrots would be nicer boiled instead of eating them raw; but of course to boil the water would cost too much.

3 Wholemeal loaves	1s. 0d.
½ lb. Margarine	2½
½ lb. Dripping	3
1 lb. Cheese	7
1 lb. Onions	1½
1 lb. Carrots	1½
1 lb. Broken biscuits	4
2 lb. Dates	6
1 tin Evaporated milk	5
10 Oranges	5
	3s. 11½d.

7 Lilford Road, London, S.E. 5. W. Leach

—From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

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An Irish author writes a short story about an elderly spinster who 'had her own ideas of things and kept to them.'

Miss Manning's FIGHT

By Norah Hoult

From *Life and Letters Today*,
London Literary Quarterly

WHEN John Manning died, and Miss Manning heard that by her brother's will she had been left in possession of the house in Richmond Road, together with an income of one hundred and twenty-five pounds a year, she was very pleased. She was tired of living with relatives who watched her movements, who didn't seem to like her going out alone, who didn't, indeed, like her going out much at all. Of course she didn't pay any more heed to their whims than was absolutely necessary. People, Miss Manning knew, didn't easily get the better of her. All the same it would be a pleasant change to be her own mistress.

Her relatives were also pleased. They were pleased in spite of the circumstance that, human nature being human nature, it was only natural to feel that number ten Richmond Road was rather a generous gift for an elderly spinster who was a little queer; there was an unconscious feeling that people who were a little queer shouldn't expect to be treated too well by the world. After all they gave a lot of trouble to other people owing to their oddity.

Miss Manning had certainly given a lot of trouble to her relatives, particularly to Mrs. Beckett, her married niece, with whom she had lived for the last twelve years. If it hadn't been for the money paid them regularly by Uncle John Manning, then they really couldn't have put up with her queerness.

Even so, often and often Mrs. Beckett had said that it wasn't worth it. It wasn't as if you could keep her out of the way, for she just wouldn't be kept out of the way. It was terrible when they had visitors in for bridge, and she would draw them on to one side, and complain that in spite of all the money the Becketts were being paid for her upkeep by her brother,

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who had promised their father, the late Colonel Manning of the Royal Irish Artillery, that he would never let his sister Sara come to want—well, for all that money, she couldn't get a decent cup of coffee after her lunch, and though they loved her to keep to her bedroom, yet they wouldn't give her a fire. And so on and so forth. Or she would come out with strange remarks that made everyone feel uncomfortable.

It wasn't so bad with their real friends, people who understood the situation, but when someone new came to the house, perhaps an eligible young man who might be interested in their daughter, Deidre, then, as Mrs. Beckett said, it was a real misfortune to have not a skeleton in the cupboard, but a skeleton who would insist on coming out all over the place. It was true, she always added, that Aunt Sara was too plump to resemble a skeleton: her bones were well covered. And why wouldn't they be with all she ate?

Things came to a head when Miss Manning said one evening to young Mr. Peters, whose father was a very well-to-do solicitor:—

'So you're the Mr. Peters they were talking about that they've great hopes for catching for Deidre. Deidre's dying to be married, so she is, and I wouldn't say a word against her, except that she's flighty, and little good to cook you a meal, and does be running after all the young men, ringing them up and asking them to take her out, instead of sitting and waiting and minding herself. But maybe she'll settle down when once she has one hooked. All I'd tell you as a friend is that you'd be wise to take a good look at her first, for marriage is a serious step, too serious for me to have ever risked. But then my father, the late Colonel Manning of the Royal Irish, always said I was an irresponsible little rascal, the way I couldn't keep my mind on the one thing for more than a few seconds like other people can who haven't got a mind that does be running about the way it is with me.'

Deidre had got hysterical and yelled the place down when some of the speech came to her ears, and Mrs. Beckett had put on her hat, and gone out to Mr. Beckett in Richmond Road, and said very firmly:—

'Uncle John, you'll just have to make some other arrangement for Aunt Sara. She's ruining the lives of the three of us with her spite and wilfulness and obstinacy. Money or no money, she's not worth it. She'd be better in a home where'll she'll be looked after, and where'll they'll be better able for her tricks.'

Uncle John said: 'I wouldn't like to see her put away.'

She had thought when he said it how ill he looked. For a few moments he had meditated, hardly listening to her further recital of grievances. Then he'd said, 'I'd take the poor thing here, for there's no real harm in her, but I haven't long, and I want to make my soul in peace.'

She remembered thinking that a queer thing to say, as if he were going to die. Of course he knew all the time.

In the end he had offered to pay another fifty pounds a year until he could think out some other arrangement.

'Though what you'll do I don't know, Uncle,' Mrs. Beckett had said, 'for Aunt Sara's got the better of every relative or friend that's ever

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taken her in and tried to be kind to her.'

Three months, and Uncle John had died. In his will was the new arrangement. His house to Miss Manning, and just enough for her to live on very quietly.

'It will have to be very quietly, Aunt Sara, for the dear knows you'll have to have a maid, a superior maid companion.'

Aunt Sara said with firmness: 'I shall engage her myself. Naturally I shall need someone. My father wouldn't have liked to think of me waiting on myself.'

All that Mrs. Beckett contrived was to be present at the interviews with the girls from the Agency. She tried to urge the claims of a sensible looking middle-aged woman, but Miss Manning said she resembled a horse. In the end they compromised over a girl from the country named Delia. Of course she was far too young, but at least she was neat and seemed respectful, and had good references. So with a private hint or two, and a prayer that she might have some peace now, Mrs. Beckett let it go.

II

At first Miss Manning had rarely been happier in her life than she now found herself: a house of her own and a maid to order about. Of course the neighborhood had gone down sadly since she had lived there with her father and mother. They had nearly all been Protestants in Richmond Road in those days, but now the old families had died out, or gone to England, and who could blame them with this iniquitous De Valera ruining the country? Not that De Valera would make Miss Manning leave the country: no, she thought, with a determined shake of her head. But it was sad to see that some of the houses took in lodgers or let flats. It wasn't at all the same, as she told the neighbors whom she invited to take a cup of tea with her.

But the neighbors had few manners, for they didn't ask her back again. That was the first rift in the lute. In fact they seemed to avoid her. There was a doctor and his wife next door, and the wife seemed a nice little thing, but after the first time Mrs. Clancy said she was too busy just now to come again.

On the other side was a wealthy bookmaker and his sister. Miss Manning made no attempt to know them, for she was sure the late Colonel would not have approved of his daughter associating with bookmakers.

Farther down there was Mrs. Fitzgerald, a widow, who kept two maids. But though they had a few words when they met in the road, Mrs. Fitzgerald wasn't actually friendly. She did drop in one afternoon, but she refused to have any refreshment at all.

Mrs. Fitzgerald had, indeed, said to Dr. Clancy's little wife when they compared notes at the grocer's one morning:—

'My dear, I couldn't bring myself to touch anything. Why, it might be poisoned. The poor thing's so odd, and says such odd things. And her brother such a nice man, too.'

Meanwhile Miss Manning wondered if Mrs. Clancy and the others were insufficiently impressed by her status and connections. She had a great notion one day; it was on a Tuesday when Delia was in the garden

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hanging out some washing to dry. Miss Manning pushed open the back room window, and called out to her:—

'Delia, come in at once. The roast chicken in the oven's burning. I can smell it all over the house.'

She slammed the window down and was in the kitchen when Delia entered.

'What's that you were saying, Ma'am, about roast chicken?'

'That it was burning.'

'But, sure, there's no roast chicken or anything like it in the oven. It's only the cold meat we're having this day, and not too much of that either.'

'Never mind, Delia. Our means may be straitened but it is the duty of those who have self-respect to keep up appearances. You can go now, but remember to come whenever I call you, and whatever I say.'

After that, whenever she saw from her bedroom window Mrs. Clancy or Mrs. Fitzgerald in the back in the morning, she'd shout for Delia in front of an open window and tell her to mind the roast chicken. 'That'll give them an idea of the way I live,' she thought with delighted pride.

But Delia wouldn't play properly. She'd come in slowly or descend the stairs, give her a long look, and then away with her again.

'You might open the oven door and then give it a good slam, Delia.'

'Why would I when there's nothing at all there?'

'Don't give me back answers, girl. Do what you're bid and you'll never be chid, as my dear mother used to say.'

And she'd stand till Delia did it, too.

When it got near Christmas time, she remembered about turkey, and now it was roast turkey that was always in danger of being burnt. 'That'll show them that there's some that needn't wait till Christmas,' she would tell herself, wandering happily from room to room.

III

But in the New Year, in spite of all the resolutions to improve that Miss Manning told her she ought to be making, Delia's behavior went from bad to worse. Often she wouldn't answer the bell. Then Miss Manning had to go to the top of the basement stairs, and call out: a thing that would never have been allowed in the house under her late father's régime. Of course from Delia's point of view, Miss Manning rang the bell very often and for nothing at all such as:—

'Delia, you couldn't have dusted the clock at all this morning. And after me telling you that this clock was a presentation to my dear father; so that as a consequence it pains me to the core of my heart to see it covered with ashes from the hearth from the time you cleaned out the grate. My dear mother used to write "slut" with her finger when she saw anything as thick laid with dust as that is. I'm just telling you . . .'

Or even worse. 'Delia, there's the barrel organ down the street. Take this penny out to him and ask him to do Miss Manning of number ten the favor of playing "Love's Sweet Song" once again. It's a tune I'm partial to.'

Or, 'Delia, there's a child crying out in the road. Go out and ask him or her if he's lost, and what his name is. If he's hungry, give him a piece of bread and butter, with not too much butter on it . . .'

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Having to make a show of herself to a dirty grinning Italian, or to pretend to speak to some slobbering kid with Mrs. Clancy or Miss Evans, the bookie's sister, wondering what she was doing was bad enough. But worse came. In the spring, not unnaturally, Delia got herself a young man. Her own excitement over this event was nothing compared to Miss Manning's interest, for it was impossible to keep a thing from her peering and poking. Delia had two evenings off a week, but she was supposed to be in by ten. Sometimes she overstepped this boundary, and then there was a lecture:—

'Delia, listen now to what I'm going to tell you. Many and many a poor girl has come to rue and regret the day when she first set eyes on a member of the opposite sex, and let herself become a victim of his wiles and blandishments. Good name, reputation, everything she should hold most dear gone as it were in a puff of smoke. Once gone, Delia, there's no getting it back. Now don't be impatient, Delia, and fiddle with your hands, for I was watching you last night standing with your young man—and I don't think much of his looks, I must say, I should have thought you'd have done better for yourself—but you were there standing and listening to him, and then kissing for ten minutes and the clock tick, tick, tick till it said twenty-five past ten. I'm telling you, Delia, for my dear mother held herself responsible for the welfare of all under her roof, and in those days there was a cook and two housemaids to watch over as a mother watches over her children, or a hen over her chickens, and that's the way I'm watching over you, Delia . . .'

And so on, and so on. Now Delia, as it should be apparent, was a very patient girl. She was far more patient than most girls of her years, for she had taken a sort of liking for Miss Manning and even sometimes defended her to her friends, who wondered how she could possibly stay with her. But this watchfulness was more than flesh and blood could stand. She went back and reported to the agency; she easily secured another place, and then she broke the news to Miss Manning. It was received with magnificent composure.

'Go, you ingrate, or ungrateful girl. Roast chicken for dinner most days,' for to Miss Manning the line between the real and the imaginary was not very distinct. 'The best of everything and nothing begrudged. You will live to repent this day in sackcloth and ashes. I say no more.'

Miss Manning was indeed somewhat surprised that Delia had stood the course so well. She couldn't imagine the average maid at Mrs. Beckett's doing so, and if it were not that she was getting a little tired of her face and the monotony of life, she would have been upset.

IV

Being a girl with a sense of responsibility, Delia wrote to Mrs. Beckett, and Mrs. Beckett arrived with promptitude. Delia let her in, and since Miss Manning was up in her bedroom changing the ornaments from one old-fashioned winter hat to an even more old-fashioned spring one, she and Delia held some conversation before seeing Miss Manning.

The mistress of the house, on being informed, swept in to her niece in a gracious mood. 'How do you do? Such nice weather for the season, is it

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not?' As a matter of fact, it was raining, but Miss Manning had been too interested in hats that morning to look outside her bedroom.

'I understand Delia's leaving. Now what are you going to do?'

'Oh, I shall do well enough. That girl's behavior was getting ultra-modern. I have no complaint, but she was becoming what is now known as ultra-modern.'

'There's no good discussing that. It's a marvel to me she stopped so long. Well, I suppose I shall have to try and find someone else. Someone older, who for the sake of a home will put up with things . . .'

'I beg you will take no steps whatsoever. It eats up too much of my small income. Delia eats a lot. She has an egg or else a rasher every morning, besides meat, roast chicken and so forth. I don't know what the maids are coming to.'

'You have to feed a maid, you know, Aunt, and Delia was very reasonable.'

'Maybe, but I have finished with the servant class. I can mind myself well enough. Now let us change the subject. How is poor Deidre? Has she yet received a proposal of marriage?'

'Talk sensibly, Aunt Sara. How can you manage for yourself? You that would never do a hand's turn, that would hardly even make a cup of tea for yourself?'

'That's true. Because there was no necessity. Now I'm going to move with the times. Say no more: my mind's completely arranged.'

And though, for a full half hour Mrs. Beckett did her best, Miss Manning would not be persuaded. So she decided to leave her to it, thinking it's nearly summer time, and she can manage soon without much fire, but she'll have her lesson. It won't hurt her to find out what work really is.

But Miss Manning was nothing if not ingenious in avoiding the finding out of what work was.

At the back of her head she had always thought that most housework was unnecessary, and could be eliminated. Chiefly it could be eliminated by ignoring it. One needn't sweep or dust; the bed could be made by drawing up the disarranged clothes (though as a matter of fact Miss Manning usually spent several hours over its making, returning at intervals to proceed slowly from sheet to blanket, and from blanket to blanket), and as for the fire it could be kept going almost continually.

Work that could not really be evaded was 'washing up.' However careful one was, still the pile grew: frying pans and saucepans became burnt, greasy and generally unpleasing. She used every available utensil in the effort to avoid touching the unpleasant accumulation, but in the end she exhausted the resources of the house. And still one had to eat.

But Miss Manning was not a soldier's daughter for nothing. In this predicament she remembered Messrs. Boolcourth's, which dispensed saucepans and crockery on very moderate terms. She reminded herself that she was saving Delia's keep. So twice a week Miss Manning got in the tram and went up to the city, to Grafton Street, emerging from Boolcourth's with an unwieldy array of parcels, but flushed and happy. The shop assistants came to know her and decided she had a curious taste in collecting hobbies, for no breakages or burns

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could account for all the purchases Miss Manning made.

There was never such a collection of soiled crockery and burnt and milk-bespattered saucepans as found their way into a big straw clothes basket in the expectation that one day some member of the charing class could be called in to wash up.

Another ingenious plan which Miss Manning found useful to circumvent the inroads of wear and tear, the disorder of dirt and dust, was to move from one room to another. One week she camped in the kitchen, next she retired from the scene of confusion—old newspapers, odds and scraps from her sewing and cutting out, soiled milk bottles, handkerchiefs, stained table cloth, brown paper bags, empty tins, all the things which Miss Manning could not bring herself to throw away—and started life afresh and comparatively unencumbered in the drawing room. From here she moved to the room used by her late brother as a study, from there to the front spare bedroom, through whose windows she could command a great view of the street. She was sipping bread and milk and sugar happily in the large old-fashioned bathroom, now furnished with a cane chair and one of those small tables with which happily the house in Richmond Road was well equipped, when Mrs. Beckett arrived on the scene.

V

Mrs. Beckett's conscience would hardly have allowed her to stop so long away had it not been that she and her family had taken their summer holiday early, spending it as far away as Bournemouth in the South of England; from this pleasant resort she had sent her aunt a colored postcard once every week, on which she had scribbled pleasant and encouraging messages. Miss Manning had torn these postcards up into the smallest possible pieces, and then disposed them in the dust-bin with some rite of formality.

It would be better to draw a veil over the pain Mrs. Beckett experienced as, passing from room to room, she viewed the scenes of disorder and destruction. No battle field strewn with corpses and the signs of fearful carnage could have caused her more agony. The last straw was the discovery of the clothes basket, whose contents had now overspread their boundaries and lay sprawled in all their naked shame round and about.

When Mrs. Beckett returned to the bathroom, she said, trying to keep her voice steady:—

'You might at least have washed up, Aunt Sara.'

'It will all be seen to, but I've been very busy.'

'Busy! But you've done nothing. Nothing!!!' Mrs. Beckett wrung her hands when she uttered the last word.

Miss Manning considered it as well to keep silent. She knew herself that her time had been well and truly occupied. There was her morning walk in the park; there were her twice weekly trips to Grafton Street, where she would also take a cup of coffee or tea. In fine weather there were the hours spent on her front porch, bowing with affability to Mrs. Clancy or any other person who passed, and whose face looked pleasing to her. Or sitting in her back garden where scraps of conversation often came to her ears, to be fitted into stranger stories than would have been believed by the mat-

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ter-of-fact speakers. There was the collection of interesting and odd cuttings from the *Irish Times* to be kept up to date, pasted into a book, and commented upon. There were her Saturday and Wednesday conversations with the organ grinder, who would commiserate with her upon the passing of the good old days when the gentry used to think nothing of giving him sixpences and shillings. There was the task of counting the hairs of her head, which proceeded very slowly, owing to the difficulty of remembering where she had left off. Also she read occasionally, but not often, for her own imagination was too distracting for her to possess much patience for the figments of other people.

'Someone will have to clean up,' said Mrs. Beckett, voicing the obvious drearily. Then in a stronger voice, 'And someone will have to stay with you.'

This time she won the battle. Perhaps it could hardly be called a battle, for in that case the odds would have been against her winning. Indeed Miss Manning herself saw that something should be done. She was almost in the position of having nowhere to lay her head. Also she was conscious that in due time the cold weather would arrive. Fires would have to be lit; she did not see herself toiling with the old-fashioned kitchen range.

VI

While a pale, resigned-looking, middle-aged woman, installed after long search by Mrs. Beckett, labored from morning to evening to bring order out of chaos, Miss Manning decided she had better commit herself to the safe and aloof harbor of her bed. Like Tennyson's Lotus Eaters, she lay reclined, listening to the music of 'a doleful song steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong' manifested in the thud thud of broom and the clash of crockery from downstairs.

But in this world Lotus Eaters are accorded but scant patience. When the handmaiden, Mrs. Cox, had completed her Herculean labor, when the daily round started afresh, she made complaint to Mrs. Beckett that Miss Manning would not get up.

'But she keeps ringing and ringing and ringing her bell. And what with carrying up her meals, and answering her, and bringing the trays downstairs again, I'm worn out. If she was sick it would be another matter, but glory be to God I wish I could feel half as well and half as strong as herself.'

Expostulated with, Miss Manning agreed that she would rise and survey the downstairs world. But, for all that, it was not long before Mrs. Cox came to Mrs. Beckett a second time, on this occasion handing in her notice.

'You prepared me for her being a trifle queer like, and for me to take no notice, but just go on with my work. And so I would for I do be sorry for people that are soft in their heads having had other experience of that same as you know.

'But a lady that stays in bed all day to descend at odd whiles to tell me that I'm not doing my work, or insisting on having a fire lit in the drawing-room at ten o'clock at night, or urging me to take something called Harlene for my hair. . . . "You are in bad need of a tonic, and you should do something for your feet, corns, or

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whatever it is that makes you tread so heavy," says she to me standing there quiet like, and other pieces of impertinence that I'd not like to be repeating, but more than self-respecting flesh and blood can stand. She's one that you never know what she'll be doing or where she'll be, and I'd have heart failure maybe and drop down dead if I stayed longer than this day week.'

Mrs. Beckett sighed. It was obvious that Something Must Be Done. She went down on her knees almost to Mrs. Cox to stay a few days longer; she interviewed various people; she wrote various letters. Then with quaking heart she came to Miss Manning and suggested to her that since her health wasn't good, wouldn't she be better in a nice sort of convalescent home where she would be waited on hand and foot, where she'd be given the best of everything, where there'd be plenty of congenial company for her? In ecstatic terms she told of such a place, outside Dublin, sea and mountain air, the grandest surroundings . . .

Miss Manning listened. She said, 'What will happen to my house?'

'We think if it were sold it would bring in about fifteen hundred pounds. Say another five hundred nearly for the furniture. That would be nearly two thousand to buy a small annuity —to make you more comfortable.'

Miss Manning plunged into deep thought while Mrs. Beckett almost held her breath. She investigated her spirit, and found that it was in unconquerable order. She was well able, as the Irish expression has it. She was well able for further worlds to conquer. She said, 'Well, I was always one for a change. So I'll go and see this place you speak of so highly.'

Miss Manning came and saw and conquered. She knew that she would conquer as soon as she saw the matron, a quiet, gently-spoken woman with the worried preoccupied expression of those who have to do rather more and rather different work than they were intended for by nature. Miss Manning said to her graciously:—

'I shall be able to help you to look after the other patients, since I have natural gifts for organization.'

'That will be very nice,' said the matron, for she knew that those who were—well, not quite, had to be humored, that is to say if they were paying patients.

But the stern set of Miss Manning's erect back as she sat in the car on her homeward journey caused her to think with misgiving: 'I doubt but that that one will be a difficult handful.'

In which premonition she was correct. For of herself what Miss Manning said was true, 'I've always been well able for anybody and everybody, and why wouldn't I have my own ideas of things and keep to them?'

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The *Economist* analyzes one of England's largest and busiest industries today.

Britain's Betting Business

From the *Economist*
London Financial Weekly

SINCE Mr. R. J. Russell M.P. secured a place, in February's House of Commons ballot for Private Members' Bills, for a measure dealing with off-the-course betting and football pools, widespread public attention has been drawn to the commercial organization and social implications of one of the oldest and most widespread of British 'industries.' A representative deputation laid its views before the Home Secretary early in the month, and a fortnight later it was announced that the Football League had decided completely to revise its fixtures and to postpone the announcement of each Saturday's program until approximately thirty-six hours before club matches were due to start, in order to curb the activities of the 'Pool' promoters. The reasons for this decision and the precise means by which it will be enforced are not clear as we write. What is clear, however, is that the betting question, which is never out of the news for long, has come once again into the limelight—and in a form that reveals amazingly widespread ramifications. What are the dimensions of this great new industry?

From the middle to the end of the nineteenth century betting was concerned almost entirely with horse racing. The growth of the street bookmaker and the popularization of betting among the working classes are the outstanding features of this period. By the beginning of the present century betting on football began to make its appearance; but it is only since the War, with the introduction of greyhound racing and of the 'totalizator,' or *pari-mutuel* principle of betting, that gambling by the masses has reached its present volume. Today betting on horse racing probably still represents the greater proportion of the total turnover, though its proportionate importance has lately been declining.

Thirteen years ago representatives of bookmakers' organizations estimated the volume of 'course' betting on horse racing at approximately £25

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millions per annum, and 'office credit' betting at starting prices was then estimated at £64 millions per annum. That these figures were under-estimates was shown by the finding of the Royal Commission of 1932 that between November, 1927, and October, 1928, when the betting tax (abandoned in 1929) was in force, duty was paid on a turnover of £45 millions of 'course' betting. Actually, in 1927–28 and 1928–29, tax was paid on an annual turnover of about £90 millions, fairly equally divided between 'course' and 'office' betting; but it is believed that as much as 50 per cent of the total turnover succeeded in evading tax. A House of Commons Select Committee in 1923 estimated the bookmakers' legal turnover at not less than £200 millions, and the Racecourse Betting Control Board in 1929 put the total at £230 millions; and these figures were probably not very wide of the mark. It is unlikely that legal betting on horse racing has subsequently increased, but 'ready money' betting, in amounts of a few pence to half-a-crown, has grown in popularity. On a conservative basis the total current turnover of betting on horse racing may be put at £250 to £300 millions a year.

The volume of betting on greyhound racing is more difficult to compute. It was stated before the Royal Commission in 1932 that the gross annual turnover of the totalizators on the fifty tracks affiliated to the National Greyhound Racing Association was approximately £8 millions. The total number of tracks in operation is now probably between 250 and 300. There is no central control of totalizators on greyhound racing courses, and no particulars of their turnover have yet been made public. It is believed that the proportion of betting handled by the totalizator is higher than in the case of horse racing, and that the existence of totalizator facilities on greyhound tracks has attracted many customers who formerly did not bet at all. Totalizator betting on the National Greyhound Racing Association's 50 tracks in 1932 probably represented about half the total betting on these tracks. Subsequently, racing on licensed tracks has been restricted to 104 days in the year. All things considered, we may very tentatively put the total turnover on greyhound racing, including the turnover of bookmakers, at not less than £50 millions per annum.

Much the most striking development in recent years has been the growth of football betting. In 1934 an Act was passed making illegal the conduct through a newspaper of any competition in which prizes were offered for 'forecasts' of future events or past events whose outcome had not been disclosed, or, generally, for any judgment not requiring a substantial exercise of skill. This Act confirmed the decision reached in the *Sheffield Telegraph* case of 1928, when newspaper football competitions were declared illegal under the Ready Money Football Betting Act of 1920. The promoters of football 'pools' and the bookmakers have proceeded to occupy the ground thus compulsorily evacuated.

II

The 'national' pool promoters have their headquarters mainly in Liverpool and Edinburgh. In some cases they employ a weekend clerical staff

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of 1,500 to 2,000 in large and expensive offices, for coupon-checking purposes. The rise in 'pool' betting has been meteoric; 'dividends' of thousands of pounds for a penny, proclaimed by all the resources of modern publicity, including wireless programs from the Continent, have had an irresistible appeal to many persons who have never seen a bookmaker in their lives. Although the pools, legally, are credit betting agencies, and allow no money to be posted until matches have been played, their operations are indistinguishable, in practice, from ready money betting. Most promoters insist on remittance of stakes, 'win or lose,' give very low credit limits, and take no bets until the previous week's engagements have been settled.

In 1934 the Football Pools Promoters' Association declared officially that their yearly turnover was £8 millions. Today, the largest firms regularly distribute from £12,000 to (occasionally) £25,000 per week from their 'Penny Pools' alone. In September, October and November last year, according to figures collected by the National Anti-Gambling League, nearly 70 million packages of correspondence were collected from pool promoters' premises, by special arrangement with the Post Office, in seven cities outside London—some 95 per cent of the whole coming from Liverpool and Edinburgh. Many of these packages, no doubt, contained advertising material, but many included coupons for distribution by agents on commission.

It would appear that about 5.50 million people were betting each week in pools organized from these seven cities. An average number of pool bets of 8 millions per week for the thirty-six weeks of the football season, rising, say, to 10 or 12 millions at peak periods, would probably not be too high an estimate for the whole country. As the average stake per coupon appears to be about two shillings, the present turnover on football betting cannot fall far short of £800,000 per week, or £30 millions per year, at the present rate. As the corresponding figure for 1933–34 was reliably estimated in the House of Commons at £250,000 per week, the rapidity of the growth of the practice in the last two years may be readily appreciated.

This impression is borne out by the returns of sales of postal orders of low denominations, *i.e.* from 6d. to 2s. 6d. These have increased from 34,500,000 in 1925–26 to 85,500,000 in 1933–34. Six-penny postal orders alone have increased from 3.7 millions in 1924–25 to 22.3 millions in 1933–34, and shilling postal orders from 8.2 millions to 24.4 millions. These figures, of course, include newspaper competition entries of various sorts, as well as 'normal' public purchases. Since November 1 last, the Post Office has made up postal orders in books of twelve, which can be bought for a reduced poundage and are available for six instead of three months.

There are many minor branches of the gambling 'industry.' Subscriptions to the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake totaled about £10 millions per year at their peak period. Of these, about 1s. 4d. in each 10s. ultimately found its way to the Irish hospitals. Entries for newspaper competitions were estimated by the Secretary to the Post Office at £3,000,000. Amounts 'invested' in automatic gambling machines in clubs, cafés and amusement parks have been put at about £4

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weekly per unit, or £15 millions per year. These minor forms of gambling, however, are probably declining in importance owing to the attentions of the police. If their estimated totals be added to those for horse racing, greyhound racing and football, the total annual betting turnover would seem to be not less than £350 to £400 millions, and possibly more than £500 millions. The 'velocity of circulation' of funds 'invested' in the industry, however, is very great.

III

So much for total turnover of one of Britain's largest industries. We may now proceed to ask what return the industry offers to those who conduct its operations? The available evidence is fairly comprehensive and highly instructive.

The Chairman of a Select Committee in 1923 estimated that the office credit bookmaker's commission amounted to ½ to 1 per cent on the amount staked; while the course bookmaker worked on a margin of 2 per cent, and street bookmakers paid out 5 to 7 per cent in commission to agents. The Racecourse Betting Control Board takes nominally 10 per cent, effectively between 11 per cent and 12 per cent of the amounts invested in the totalizator. Comparison of the odds returned by the totalizator and the starting prices of bookmakers shows that the bookmakers' gross margin cannot be much less than this. Most of the football pool promoters employ their peak staffs only at weekends for wages of 15s. or £1 per day. Their share of the pool varies from 5 per cent to 20 per cent, plus 'minimum expenses.' The accountants' certificates which are published in some cases refer only to the division of proceeds, *after* commission and expenses have been deducted. One pool promoter, prosecuted in Edinburgh in 1930, was found to be taking a total commission of 77 per cent; another, prosecuted in January, 1934, took out 31 per cent. The Football Pool Promoters' Association claims to limit the profit of its members to 5 per cent of the total income, but it is not clear how much of the total activity is within its control. In January, 1935, it named only six firms as its members, all having addresses in or around Liverpool, while it now appears to control about a dozen. Even if the clear profit of the promoter is limited to 5 per cent, the deduction of 'expenses' (including commission and advertising) may limit the divisible pool to less than 50 per cent of the total subscribed.

We may, therefore, for purposes of computation, put a.) the expenses and profits of bookmakers at approximately 10 per cent to 12 per cent of the amounts staked on horse and greyhound racing (though the margin may have been reduced in recent years); b.) the total 'rake-off' of football pool promoters (including 'minimum expenses') at not less than 30 per cent of the amounts staked; and c.) the rate of profit to the promoters of the minor forms of gambling at a much higher figure—certainly not less than 50 per cent. On these bases, we may conclude that the total remuneration and expenses of the betting and gambling industry are unlikely to be lower than £40 to £45 millions per annum, or £50 millions, including all other forms of gambling.

The dimensions of the industry's 'labor force' are a matter for broad

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conjecture. In 1923 the Assistant Commissioner of Police put the number of bookmakers, including principals only, in the Metropolitan area at 1,750. A similar estimate by the Chief Constable was 698 for the Liverpool area. The Secretary of the National Sporting League put the total number at 16,000. In 1928 there were 14,000 licensed bookmakers and many others who remained unregistered. The total today is probably not much below 20,000. In 1923 the total of clerks, outlookers, runners and agents appears to have averaged, in London, some 2.3 to each principal. If this proportion applies in the country as a whole, there may therefore be as many as 66,000 persons directly dependent upon bookmaking at the present time. The numbers connected with street betting are larger, but much of this business is done through agents working on a commission basis in shops and factories.

The pool promoters are accustomed to engage large numbers of workers to deal with incoming correspondence every weekend. Some of the larger Liverpool and Edinburgh firms take on as many as 500 to 800 assistants every Saturday night. In many cases the permanent staff is from one-third to a half of the peak staff. Altogether it might not be an exaggeration to assess this demand at the equivalent of *full* employment for 5,000 persons in the course of a year. No estimate whatever can be made of the numbers or remuneration of the cloud of witnesses—touts, tipsters, racing journalists, publishers of sporting newspapers and, most incredible of all, the competition press and its attendant 'professional solutionists'—who regularly exercise their prophetic talents, for a suitable return, on behalf of mortals who wrestle with the law of averages. Nor can we assess the 'derived demand' of the industry for the materials and services of other trades. One Liverpool pool promoter is credited with the consumption of twelve tons of paper per week. Some printing firms specialize in betting tickets, coupons and advertising material. Horse racing is an important customer of the railways, and all forms of betting contribute handsomely to the Post Office revenue.

Into the social and moral aspects of the betting question we do not propose, here, to enter. It is clear, however, that an industry of the size and scope we have indicated holds a formidable vested interest in the commercial exploitation of one of the less progressive of human instincts. Resistance to any attempt significantly to control its operations may be proportionately strong. In view, however, of the tendency for betting to increase with the growth of its organized facilities, the Government may well consider whether the time has not come to enforce a stricter supervision and to ensure that commercialized exploitation of human folly—or of 'the small man's' reaction against a drab environment—shall not yield unduly large 'professional' profits.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

An Englishman Finds Fault

WRITING in the *Manchester Guardian*, English Liberal daily, Mr. Ronald Davison surveys our American schemes for attaining 'social security,' and, on the basis of English experience along the same lines, points to faults and suggests improvements:

Last summer President Roosevelt wrung from the seventy-fourth Congress a measure which is likely to have a more lasting effect upon American institutions than all the rest of the New Deal. The Social Security Act is probably the most comprehensive piece of social legislation that the world has ever seen. In effect the Act falls into three categories:—

1. It sets up a centralized Federal contributory old-age pension insurance for over 20,000,000 wage-earners.

2. It creates a financial inducement to the forty-eight states to set up their own unemployment insurance schemes, financed by compulsory levies upon employers.

3. It offers six new kinds of Federal grants-in-aid to states, which set up adequate services for public health, for the aged poor, and for mothers and children.

At the moment the real trouble lies with the two vast schemes of social insurance guaranteeing contractual payments for old-age pensions and for unemployment benefits. Here the United States is on new ground, which is unfamiliar in the highest degree. For many years she has observed our British social insurances and those of Germany with mingled envy and doubt. Now at last she is taking the plunge.

To British eyes the proposed Federal pensions seem to be ambitious. In return for 6 per cent tax on wages (only 2 per cent in the first year, 1937) a weekly annuity varying from 10s. to £4 5s. is to be payable from age sixty-five to death. Within these limits pensions are to be calculated (like contributions) as an exact percentage of the claimant's average wages. Workers and employers are to begin contributing in January, 1937, but no benefits are payable until 1942.

This delay is a serious political handicap, and, on British precedents, a needless one, seeing that in 1926 our Conservative Government paid old-age and widows' benefits on the day after contributions first became due. Admittedly that meant non-contributory pensions to the earliest claimants, and our Exchequer is still paying off the debt; but President Roosevelt could well have done the same.

One good feature is that the American pensions will be conditional on retirement from regular wage-earning. A less good feature is that in basing pensions on the percentage of average wages the Act sets the Social Security Board a fearsome task either of current record-keeping or of archæological research after 1942 into the employment histories of claimants.

It is, of course, possible that under the American Constitution that lethal anachronism, the Supreme Court, may frustrate the whole of this courageous effort to place a vital piece of social machinery on a Federal and nationwide basis. Time alone can show.

There is to be no national unemployment insurance system in the United States. Under the Social Security Act each state is urged to set up its own plan, but not compelled to do so. It is unlikely that all the states will move in the matter; but the penalty of inaction will be that employers in an inactive state will have to pay an excise tax on their pay-rolls to the Federal Treasury amounting to about the same figure as the state insurance contribution, yet the state will get nothing in return. This Federal excise tax is now

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being collected, and in due course the active and virtuous states will be entitled to a refund of 90 per cent of it, together with a grant in aid of their administrative expenses.

Wisconsin already had a company reserves scheme of its own—that is, a separate insurance account for each employer—and ten other states have so far responded with new Acts. The Social Security Board's present task is to persuade the states to conform either to the Wisconsin pattern, with no pooling of risks between employers, or to the pooled insurance plan on European lines.

Model bills, with various optional clauses, are being issued from Washington for their guidance. In these bills the minimum 'coverage' is to be 'all employers of eight or more persons for twenty weeks in a year,' agriculture, domestic service, and non-profit institutions being excepted. Even in the pooled plan there is to be a rather mystical 'merit rating,' under which employers with a small labor turnover will pay a lesser tax than those with a large turnover. The American mind is, indeed, beset by the idea that 'merit rating' or the Wisconsin plan will persuade employers to stabilize their employment and will, in any case, make the punishment fit the crime.

In our British scheme that idea has been tried and abandoned. Whether it will work in the United States is exceedingly doubtful, having regard to the unavoidable fluctuations and excessive seasonality of many businesses—for instance, the building trades. The test will only come some time after January, 1938, when benefits begin to be payable.

The doctrine in the States today is that the rate of a man's wages should determine his benefits; there are to be no dependants' allowances, but he should have 50 per cent of his full-time wages for at least twelve weeks of unemployment, with a minimum benefit of £1 and a maximum of £3 per week. And the United States thinks that, on the whole, the European system of requiring employee contributions is a mistake. The separate states are, however, going different ways about this, and some schemes will require 1 per cent of weekly earnings from workers.

RECIPROCITY of benefit between states is not yet contemplated; it is too baffling a problem. To the English mind this at once suggests forebodings. How can forty-eight different systems of insurance be applied within a single country to a comparatively mobile labor force? Inevitably there must be much movement across state frontiers among workers in businesses employing eight or more persons. However, such is the respect for state rights and resignation to the consequences that only one major inter-state industry has so far revolted. Already the railway companies and brotherhoods are promoting a new bill for a special Federal system of insurance for themselves and for other carriers by road, water, and air. The Social Security Board are to administer this separate transportation scheme.

Two other major difficulties confronting the board may be briefly mentioned. One is that the employment exchange service is not under their control. It is a separate Federal State organism, supervised and given grants-in-aid by the Department of Labor, and it is acutely anxious that its proper business of placement should not be submerged by the onrush of insurance functions. The Government are, however, doing their best to cope with this threatened dualism.

The second problem is: How will the different authorities ascertain what has been the average full-time rate of wages of claimants who have worked for, say, ten or even twenty different firms during the preceding two or five years? All his jobs will have to be taken into account in determining the rate and duration of a man's benefit.

So far the idea has been to wait till the claims come in and then to make the

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necessary researches into each claimant's past record. Meanwhile employers are bidden to keep precise accounts of wages and hours. The alternative of requiring every employer of eight persons or more to send in to the State Insurance Commission monthly lists of wages and hours is theoretically sound, but it does not look attractive to those who will have to enforce it upon a community of wild and untamed employers.

The fact is that there is too much theory and wishful thinking in all these varieties of the American plan. If ever there was a country that could only hope to administer unemployment insurance on the simplest possible lines, that country is the United States today. Above all, they might have been content with a uniform and flat rate of benefits. Indeed, many Americans have always admitted as much. True, they would probably have had to add dependants' allowances, but these are far easier to administer than the wage-percentage system. In any case, it is well to remember that for years to come the United States will have some millions of unemployed, most of whom will be in need of assistance, outside any State insurance schemes which may now be set up.

Heil Lincoln!

A GERMAN AUTHOR, Heinrich Krieger, publishes an article about 'race problems in the United States' in *Die Tat*, German National Socialist monthly. He makes an attempt to apply Nazi racial ideology to the United States, one of the few countries, he claims, to have developed anything approaching the concept of race law. He regards the dominant race in the United States as 'Germanic,' living in troublesome symbiosis with colored races, which constitute one-ninth of the population. Krieger states that Lincoln was 'far removed from the sentimental idea of equality with which his name has time and again been falsely coupled,' and 'often and vigorously supported the expulsion of the Negroes from the United States.' He then pleads for the adoption of a realistic race law:—

Not until the Germanic racial consciousness of the true American has freed itself of the crushing burden of ideology will the way to racial salvation be cleared. He will then solve the racial division in his life and in his law by means of a new racial concept. In particular he will be able to tackle the task of building up an honest race law, logically coherent and guided by large viewpoints. At present the task appears to be far from solution. Visitors to the United States whose instincts have not been adulterated are stirred and deeply revolted by the form which racial co-existence has taken, especially in the great cities of the East. . . .

Considering the legal premises, we arrive at the following three chief aims for the future:

First and most important: the ideology of racial equality must be relinquished. In particular there must never be, not even in theory, legal equality between Nordics and Negroes.

Second: the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution must be repealed. This would lead to the disfranchisement of the Negroes and do away with all enforcement legislation. The several states would again be free to formulate racial legislation according to their own needs, which would be of particular value to the Southern States with their large Negro population.

Third: Lincoln's plans for expulsion should be taken up again and gradually realized.

The promising manner in which Germany is attempting broadly and finally to liquidate centuries of racial mixture undoubtedly will in due time attract notice in America. But if America continues to drift along her present racial course, she

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must inevitably, despite all existing legal defenses, some day be forced to abandon calling herself a Germanic nation . . . It is understandable that the underminers of the American Nation's Germanic character are fanatically at work inculcating into Americans the paralyzing ideology of racial equality. The Jews, with an exemplary instinct for their own welfare, here, too, are in the van. With the help of great financial and propaganda resources they distort and abuse in their well-known ways the great ideals of democracy in order to kill the racial strength of the prevailing race at the root.

It is not 'white' and 'colored' that actually oppose each other in the United States today; it is the Germanic race, left entirely to its own resources, which is meeting all other races. These latter are either indifferent to the fate of America, or they are merely concerned with drawing to themselves as much power as possible, wresting it from the original Germanic population which showed them the way into the wilderness that was to become America.

As racial comrades we Germans hope and wish that Germanic America will increasingly find its way back to the principles of its great statesmen, Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, who were worlds removed from the liberalistic idea of racial equality. Moreover, we hope that there may arise in America the new political leaders who are needed for the solution of its task, now grown to world historical importance.

In Single Combat

A STAFF-WRITER of the *Journal de Genève* allows himself to grow both fanciful and philosophical on the subject of American motoring fatalities:—

Before the war, when two gentlemen had tread upon one another's toes and had called one another imbeciles, they would don frock coats at daybreak, comb their hair with great care, turn up their collars, stand twenty-five paces from one another, and in the presence of four witnesses, a doctor, a referee, and some frightened sparrows would each pull the trigger of their pistols.

Today the Americans do better. They undoubtedly despise these out-dated games of bullet-holes, for, if one is to believe the *Petit Bleu*, they have discovered a new way of reviving a style which was feeling its age.

At Denver, in Colorado, two citizens who had found it impossible to agree on some point, I don't know what, chose automobiles as their weapons.

On a good straight road they drove their cars to two points several hundred meters removed from one another. Then, at a signal, they charged, dashing at full speed toward one another, their hands glued to the steering wheels, their feet on the accelerators, hood against hood. Boom!

At the dreadful crash the two twisted autos tumbled into a heap of scrap iron. The spectators expected to have to mop up the champions with blotting paper. But not at all: they picked themselves up, a little stunned, but unhurt. So that two fireballs had been exchanged without result. Except that a policeman who thought they had violated the traffic laws issued summonses to the two automobilists.

We wish that this little story were true, if only to draw the moral of it. The automobile is the cause of tens of thousands of deaths in the United States every year—deaths of honest folk who were going peaceably to their little businesses, and who were cut down by individuals in a greater hurry to get to theirs. But when two idiots deliberately decide to smash one another to pulp, they are not allowed to do so. Men are masters of their steering wheels, but not of their destinies, and if they hold the levers, it is the levers which control them.

A part de cela, Madame la Marquise. . . .

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BOOKS ABROAD

History of England

England, 1870–1914. *By R. C. Ensor. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 1936.*

(Harold Laski in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

THIS is the second volume in the Oxford History of England, and it is a work of quite outstanding merit. Solid, written in an interesting and at times distinguished style, based on an astonishingly thorough survey of the materials, it is the annalistic type of history at its best. There is little that Mr. Ensor omits, and there are certain phases of the development he records, upon which his account is better than in any other similar volume. On army reform, on constitutional change, on local government, he gives a masterly summary of the complicated issues. As a narrator, moreover, Mr. Ensor holds the reader's attention throughout. It will be long before this volume can, so far as its type is concerned, surrender the primacy it at once establishes.

It is important to realize just what the type is. Mr. Ensor is profoundly interested in men—his brief character-sketches are admirable—he is interested in institutions, and he summarizes a complex economic development with real skill. What he does not seek to establish is a canon for the period—a philosophic criterion by which its general character may be estimated. He is not, indeed, afraid to make judgments. Broadly, he writes from the angle of a Liberal of the Left, and from that angle his analysis of the controversial issues with which he has to deal are always fair and solidly founded. But he has not brought on to any single plane the vast narrative he has constructed. It is now clear, for instance, that the movement towards a coalition government sponsored by Mr. Lloyd George during the Home Rule controversy pointed to much deeper things than appeared obvious at the time. So, also, the support of the South African War by the leaders of the Fabian Society has its bearing upon the inability of the Labor Party today squarely to meet the issue of imperialism. The failure of Mr. Gladstone to interest himself in local government reform was unfortunate; but it was not, I think, half so serious as Mr. Asquith's inability to see the significance of the industrial upheavals of 1911–12.

Mr. Ensor comments with skill on such social theories as those of T. H. Green and the Fabians. But he has nothing to say of F. W. Maitland, not only, perhaps, the greatest English historian since Gibbon but also the most significant political theorist of his generation. It is a pity, too, that his analysis of colonial and foreign policy takes no account of what men like Mr. J. A. Hobson and Mr. H. N. Brailsford were writing in these years; the prophetic character of their analysis assumes now an importance far greater than the attention it received at the time.

This absence of a central clue is the more regrettable because so much of the material collected by Mr. Ensor in his economic chapters points towards conclusions one would have liked to see judged in its light. The nepotism of British industrial leadership, the absence of outstanding British inventions in this period, the connection of this with the inadequate standards of technical education in the period, upon all of these, in their inter-relationships, there are possibilities which Mr. Ensor hardly develops.

So, also, it would have been interesting if he had shown the significance of the growing literature of scepticism after 1900 in the contest of the international *malaise* and its repercussions. One would have

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liked to know how far Mr. Ensor sees in the constitutional crises he has to record the faint precursors of that deeper issue which is bound to occur unless political parties can discover, as they discovered between 1832 and 1914, a unified approach to social questions. Mr. Ensor, in a word, gives us a narrative from which the essential background is lacking. He is clear and revealing so far as he goes; but he seems to shrink from the task of explaining what he has to narrate.

On the other hand, it is difficult not to be enthusiastic over the admirable justice Mr. Ensor has rendered to the personal interplay of the political drama in these years. On Gladstone and Disraeli, on Salisbury and Balfour, on Asquith and Chamberlain and Lansdowne, he writes with a precision of insight which is remarkable. It is good to have justice done to Sir Robert Morant; and it is comforting that Mr. Ensor can write of royal personages without that distressing genuflexion which is now so fashionable. It shows how fully Mr. Ensor has read his sources that he can remind us (of what most people have now forgotten) of the asperity with which Lord Hugh Cecil criticized the late King over his relation to the Parliament Act.

On the constitutional side, generally, Mr. Ensor writes with a balanced judgment about which there can be no praise too high. What one wishes here is that he would have told us his view of that complete lack of restraint shown by the Unionist leaders over the Budget of 1909 and the Home Rule Bill. Does he think it exaggeration to say that Toryism in these years was prepared to violate the unstated premises of our parliamentary system to defeat those proposals? If he does, what is the inference he draws therefrom? All the way through his book, indeed, one feels inclined to ask Mr. Ensor what judgment he makes upon the situation he so carefully describes.

Perhaps he would reply that judgment is not his business. But the historian is compelled to select; and the very fact of selection implies a judgment of itself. Mr. Ensor would not, I think, claim that his history was devoid of color and personality. I wish only that he had told us what were the reasons which led him to the particular color and personality he has woven into the narrative. His work is at every point solid; I feel it could have been far more illuminating if that solidity was flanked by a coherent philosophy. But this does not mean that his book is not fascinating. It deserves the widest possible audience for the high qualities it reveals on every page.

The Two Nations

FOOD, HEALTH AND INCOME. *By Sir John Orr. London: Macmillan and Company. 1936.*

(From the *Spectator*, London)

IT IS more than two generations since *Sybil* was written, but the Two Nations still confront each other. Both, indeed, are better off, but the inequalities in their income, social status and physical environment remain. For a democratic society which has established legal and political equality there can be no more proper progress than toward the destruction of the social inequalities which have still to be removed. But the path of progress is often illusory and always hard, and nothing makes it harder than a lack of objective standards by which to direct it. They can be discovered only by scientific investigation, and in recent years no increase in knowledge has been more useful to society than that contributed by Sir John Orr and others in their researches into nutrition. The report, *Food, Health and Income*, by Sir John Orr confirms that promise. It is the record of an investigation carried out by the Rowett Research Institute, in coöperation with the Agricultural Marketing Boards and the Market Supply Committee, into 'the amount of food required to maintain the health of

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the community, the extent of malnutrition due to under-consumption, and the extent to which under-consumption is due to poverty.' It is admitted that, at present, there are not sufficient data available for a final answer to be given; yet already conclusions have been reached which no statesman or student can ignore. They are a criticism of our society and they offer an objective at which it should aim.

The value and significance of the investigation are increased by the standard of comparison it adopts. For Sir John Orr has asked: 'To what extent is the country properly nourished, judged by a physiologically ideal standard, that is, a state of well-being such that no improvement can be effected by a change in diet?' That such a question should be worth putting is in itself evidence of the possibilities now open to us; it is a sign of how far we have advanced and of how much we are still behind. For the answer is not surprising. Dividing the population into six groups, with incomes varying from 10s. to over 45s. per head per week, with an average expenditure on food varying from 4s. to 14s., the investigation showed that only the highest income group completely satisfied all the conditions of the ideal standard, while the lowest group satisfied none of them.

It must be noticed that the income groups do not correspond exactly with class divisions, since the incomes per head are calculated by dividing total family income by the number of members to be supported. But the significance of the lowest, under-nourished group cannot be ignored, for it includes 4½ million people. Worse than that, 50 per cent of them are children, and 25 per cent of all the children in the country are among them. To bring every group up to the level of diet adequate to full health would require increases in consumption of milk, eggs, butter, fruit and vegetables, varying from 12 per cent to 25 per cent of the total now consumed. The table, which represents the increases in consumption needed to raise the diet of each group to that of the group immediately above it, is really a program of the stages by which we can advance towards a society in which every member has the nourishment necessary for full health. Given modern improvements in the technique of food production, there is no reason why that standard should not be the goal of social policy; it is a wiser objective than any which can be achieved by modern methods of planning based on raising prices and restricting production.

But the investigation has also correlated variations in income with the physical effects of malnutrition, and though exact and complete results are not possible, the conclusions show strikingly that the members of our society suffer from physical as well as economic inequalities. Thus, observations made over a period at different schools show surprising variations in height and health corresponding with differences of wealth. A boy of thirteen at Christ's Hospital School is 2.4 inches taller than a boy of the same age at a Council school. At seventeen he is 3.8 inches taller than an 'employed male' of the same class as a Council schoolboy, and observations taken at another public school reveal the difference as no less than 5 inches. Further, the variations in height correspond to variations in the incidence of preventable ill health, and especially of rickets, bad teeth, anæmia and tuberculosis. Each of these physical deficiencies is most easily remediable by increasing the consumption of milk.

Sir John Orr is careful to point out that, for instance, variations in height are to some extent hereditary. If that were the whole truth, it would seem that the inequalities of the two nations had become immutable. But experiments in various schools have shown that the actual differences in height can be considerably lessened by an increase in nourishment which allows children to reach their full stature, even though limited by heredity. The effects of variation in diet are verified elsewhere. The Masai and Kikuyu tribes live

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under the same climatic and housing conditions, but have very different diets. The Kikuyu are tall and relatively free of disease. The Masai are short and suffer from rickets, bad teeth, and pulmonary and intestinal diseases. With us, the Kikuyu and the Masai live side by side.

These conclusions go far to make nonsense of our democratic claim to equality. They show how serious are the physiological handicaps which aggravate economic inequality. But equally they show how these handicaps can be destroyed. 'The new knowledge of nutrition, which shows that there can be an enormous improvement in the wealth and physique of the nation, coming at the same time as the greatly increased powers of producing food, has created an entirely new situation which demands economic statesmanship.' Indeed, the new knowledge is a basis for a new social and political program; it would intensify the tragedy of our time if, amid wars and rumors of wars, statesmen could not use its immense contribution to the stock of human wisdom.

Belgian Finances

La Dévaluation du Franc Belge: une Opération Delicate Parfaitement Réussie. *By Professor Fernand Baudhuin. Bruxelles–Paris. 1935.*

(From the *Economist*, London)

PROFESSOR Baudhuin's book is extremely welcome. It is at once vigorous, comprehensive and readable. As adviser to several Governments and especially Finance Ministers in Belgium, the author had an exceedingly good opportunity to watch the sad sequence of events which preceded the devaluation of the belga. It is a deplorable tale of self-inflicted distress. For months politicians clamored noisily about the evils and wickedness of devaluation, and thereby increased the unreasoning fears of the population and the chances that a devaluation would, in fact, lead to a panic. Yet the deflationists were unwilling to face the issue squarely and make deflation effective. So the disparity between costs and prices increased and depressed business activity in both domestic and exporting industries.

Professor Baudhuin was not an advocate of devaluation in the early part of the crisis. Belgium had stabilized at a very low gold parity, and the world price level did not fall below her cost level for a considerable time.

In 1934, however, the position became critical. Successive Governments, formed with the central aim of 'defending the belga,' and headed by M. Jaspar, M. de Broqueville and finally M. Theunis, were unable (and unwilling) to adopt a constructive policy. Professor Baudhuin now saw the necessity of devaluation, but his warnings fell on deaf ears. The beginning of the breakdown of the banking structure and continuous losses of gold did not convince the politicians of the imminence of the final crash. M. Theunis believed in the possibility of the maintenance of the gold parity, even after a far-reaching restriction of foreign exchange dealings had been instituted. Considering the atmosphere in Belgium at this juncture, the courage of Professor Baudhuin in publicly demanding devaluation was most highly commendable. He had already strongly urged that the effects of devaluation should not be painted in alarmist colors. Finally, after almost interminable wrangling and face-saving, the van Zeeland Ministry took the inevitable step.

The greater part of Professor Baudhuin's book consists of an analysis of the effects of devaluation. Nobody can now seriously question his view that it was, in fact, completely successful. He produces statistical material fully sufficient to prove his contention. Prices, especially retail prices, have not risen seriously—the cost of living is even now only 8 per cent up. Production and railroad traffic soon increased well above the level of 1934; the budget revenue improved immediately and markedly; and the rate of interest has

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been forced down, despite the intensification of the international political tension. The flight of capital not only ceased but was suddenly reversed. The profits derived from the revaluation of the gold reserve were used to establish an exchange equalization account and a fund to control the gilt-edged market. Finally, the banking structure was thoroughly reorganized, at a time when there was an automatic increase both in its liquidity and the soundness of its assets as a result of devaluation.

Professor Baudhuin makes short shrift with those who impute the revival to the Brussels World Fair and at the same time prevaricatingly insist that no revival whatever has taken place. He may be somewhat optimistic about the possible effects on Belgium of a general devaluation by the gold countries, but he is right in insisting that such a policy would not only restore internal equilibrium in those countries, but that the improvement in their economies would eventually offset any initial depressing effects abroad.

Professor Baudhuin and Mr. van Zeeland have both deserved well of their country. And in this book Professor Baudhuin has presented us with a highly interesting record and a complete vindication of the policy adopted last March.

The Merchants of Death

LES PROFITS DE GUERRE À TRAVERS LES SIÈCLES. *By Richard Lewinsohn. Paris: Payot. 1936.*

(Léon Limon in *Europe*, Paris)

WITH 1936 the capitalist world enters the seventh year of economic depression, and the kind of prosperity which is peculiar to every pre-war period is already in evidence: the arms race. Since 1931, when the world's total exports of arms were estimated at 200 million dollars, international tension has been increasing, and Mussolini's venture in Ethiopia has contributed not a little to heighten it.

But has the armament industry the same interest in war which it had in the past? This question, which Richard Lewinsohn poses, is not as paradoxical as it may at first seem. In his study, which is a real contribution to the history of the birth and development of modern capitalism, Lewinsohn shows that the distribution of the profits of war has gone through various phases. As military technique develops with the means of production, as the State is centralized and bureaucratized and the 'nation' is born, the political and economic independence of the top army men decreases in proportion. The 'nationalization' of war industries is the very opposite of the method of sporadic confiscation pursued by a Caesar or a Churchill-Marlborough. Soon it is the business man who is pointing the way for the general, and the heads of the armed forces become the employees of colonial companies. Then the State itself moves toward commerce and industry. Banks like the Bank of England are founded, whose object is to obtain war and armament loans for the State. It is then the bankers who pile up the largest part of the profits of war: the Laffittes, the Ouvrards, the Rothschilds, and the Morgans.

But the war budgets demand larger and larger sums, and no banker or banking syndicate would be able to raise the needed funds. So the State eventually becomes its own banker and reduces the printing of treasury notes to a system. From this time on the great war profiteers are no longer either the men who traffic in arms or those who finance armaments, but rather those who manufacture them: the Krupps, the Schneiders, the Skodas, and the Zaharoffs. In almost every industrial country of Europe the arms factories are the largest enterprises, and more often than not it is they which set the pace for the others. They are the prototypes of finance capitalism, combining, as they do, industrial and banking capital.

Along with these cannon merchants, properly so called, one must not forget to

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lump the purveyors of raw materials needed in the manufacture of arms and munitions, as well as those who furnish all the other kinds of war materials: the manufacturers of canned goods, of cloth for uniforms, the oil companies, etc. —not forgetting the war speculators, notably those who speculate in government issues, and who are very often to be found at the very hearts of the governments themselves.

From 1914 to 1918 the profits of war *declared* by all these merchants of death in the belligerent and neutral nations may be estimated, according to Lewinsohn, at 150 billion gold francs!

But the last war brought out new forms of capitalist organization which are also the germs of the breakdown of its private profit foundations. War is an undertaking which now involves the entire nation, and the nation demands a similar 'nationalization' of war industries. What is more, the outcome of the recourse to war proved fatal to the majority of pre-War industries. And to this one must also add the political risks, of which the Russian Revolution is always a living example. Today the very form of government is in danger.

For all these reasons one may wonder whether the armament industry still wants war as much as ever, at least so near home. Rather, it desires an armed peace, and permanent tension. The *threat* of war—that is what best suits the armaments business. Manufacturers of arms make better profits out of cannons and airplanes which are used in manœuvers and are thrown on the scrap heap before they have a chance to be used in war itself. They profit equally from every improvement of military technique which brings about new arms orders. If they are no longer, perhaps, great profiteers of the war of the future, they are at least the profiteers of 'peace-in-danger,' and for that they stick at nothing to maintain that 'era of fear' which Guéhenno has denounced.

In the conclusion of his work, the wealth of whose documentation does not in any way diminish the pleasure of reading it, Richard Lewinsohn drops the historian's rôle and becomes the ardent pacifist who denounces the evils of the enterprises of collective death. Their nationalization is certainly in order, along with the nationalization of the great banks with which they are tied up.

The Futility of Revolution

FAREWELL TO REVOLUTION. *By Everett Dean Martin. With a preface by Lord Lothian. London: Routledge. 1936.*

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

THIS is a valuable but difficult book. It treats of a double theme. It submits that revolution has ended by producing the exact opposite of everything it sought to achieve—a doctrine which accounts for the book's title. It submits further that the causes of revolution are to be sought not in its avowed purposes nor in those deeper motives which the Marxians profess to detect but in the nature of crowd psychology. The two propositions are interlocked, and Mr. Martin in fact uses each to demonstrate the other; but historical analysis and psychological induction do not run easily in double harness, particularly when their driver is himself neither historian nor psychologist but a social philosopher.

Mr. Martin finds three cycles of revolution in European history. The first, which began with the Gracchi, though it had a Greek prelude, aimed at equality and ended in Caesarism. The second, which opened with the Cluniac movement and closed with the end of the Thirty Years War, sought Christian brotherhood and achieved the disruption of the Church. The third made political liberty its ideal and has culminated in the dictatorships of our own day.

Contemplating this contrast between intention and performance, Mr. Martin finds it a little hard to avoid a pessimistic

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estimate of human nature, but takes comfort in the thought that however much they may pretend to be mass movements, revolutions are really due to small and desperate minorities, all that the masses contribute being examples of crowd psychosis. Its nature is akin to paranoia in an individual. The symptoms are obsession by an idea, with its corollaries of egomania on the part of those it obsesses and a homicidal impulse directed against the obstacles to its realization.

Such being the origins of revolution, the belief that it is an instrument of social progress must be ill founded. True, revolutionaries try to associate themselves with 'advanced thought;' but the connection is not organic. A new idea may disturb a government and cause it to make its weakness public by interfering with freedom of thought. Revolution, attacking the government, professes to champion the doctrines which that government seeks to suppress; but in truth a successful revolution occurs 'when people abandon the attempt to solve their problems and resort to infantile temper tantrums.'

Because it is a tantrum, a revolution utterly misses its alleged objective. Thus at the present moment people suffering from the world's economic distress are obsessed by the idea of a planned economy, and for its sake are prepared to accept a dictatorship which will deprive them of those very rights as citizens thanks to which they are able to ventilate their grievances.

Against this intellectual background Mr. Martin sets his historical survey. Beginning with Rome, he scores a neat point by observing that the average Roman business man, lawyer or army officer of the late Republic would have talked like the typical middle-class Englishman of today:—

'He would have deplored the "modernism" of the younger generation, . . . would have assured you that he was an optimist, but would have thought that certain politicians were leading the proletariat into dangerous Radicalism. . . . He would have been worried about the number of unemployed in Rome, and have said Rome was being filled with dangerous foreigners who ought to be sent back where they came from.'

A fair hit: but Mr. Martin invites the retort that his own critical standpoint is that of the middle-class American of yesterday, convinced that the abolition of slavery is the beginning of all real progress and that strength in the central Government is to be deplored as checking rugged individualism. Equally of the period is his criticism of the triumph of Christianity that it exalted meekness when the times needed the more robust virtues of the early Republic.

GREATER insight is shown, however, in the discussion of the medieval period. It had to deal, Mr. Martin suggests, with three irreconcilable elements—the violent, barbarian tradition, the organizing genius of Rome as transmitted by the Church, and the millennial aspirations of early Christianity. In the thirteenth century some sort of harmony was achieved but not preserved. The root of the trouble was that the barbarian invaders were Christianized before they were civilized. Hence to this day the civilization of the West is not merely borrowed but is only skin-deep, so that 'culture still seems to most of us to be a genteel luxury.' Because there was no real synthesis of its constituent ideas, the medieval mind was likely to be swept off its balance, and because its whole cast was religious, the disturbance, as Peter the Hermit showed, could best be created through a religious appeal:—

'This beginning of evangelistic preaching is historically important. With it began that technique of emotional, often ignorant, appeal to the masses which tended to reduce religious preaching to mere exhortation and propaganda and deprive the religious instruction of the people of much of its intellectual content.

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The method of mass appeal, later resorted to by Franciscans and Dominicans, led to Luther's severe denunciation of the preaching of the friars. Yet it was employed by the "poor preachers," followers of John Wyclif in England, who became the predecessors of the Wesleys, Cotton Mathers and various other revivalists, demagogues, and such-like, who have done much to make public sentiment what it is today.'

Nor is emotionalism the only characteristic of crowd psychosis which Mr. Martin traces back to the Middle Ages. The Hildebrandine movement to correct clerical abuses had led the common man to believe that he was probably the moral superior of his social betters and was thus responsible for the class-consciousness, which was at the root of the peasants' revolt in England and of heretical radicalism on the Continent, and which ultimately defeated Innocent III's attempt to establish the Papacy as a sort of international dictatorship regulating the existing social order. It met the papal aspirations with a demand for a brotherhood of souls based on primitive Christian communism. This demand eventually disrupted the Church and left behind it not a purified ecclesiastical order but the modern system of nation-states.

Against the tyranny of such States, revolution sought to assert the inalienable rights of man. The movement opened with the Long Parliament, or possibly with the reaction to the *putsch* known as the Gunpowder Plot. In its origin, Mr. Martin thinks, this movement was religious rather than political or economic, and he notes that the average Puritan, though bigoted, was 'free from the vices and corruptions of ordinary humanity.' Nevertheless, Puritanism followed the ordinary revolutionary course, largely because its times were harsh and cruel, and even set a new precedent by working the crowd's homicidal impulse up to a climax in the execution of the King.

Anti-monarchical sentiment traveled with the Pilgrim Fathers to America and played a part in the movement which founded the United States. Mr. Martin asks how far this movement can be called a revolution, and finds that revolutionary ideas acted on the legitimate dissatisfaction of colonists, who felt themselves exploited by companies having their headquarters in England, and who were therefore inclined to suspect new taxation imposed by London. In all the Colonies men who had been servants in England found themselves independent farmers, and were in a mood to challenge the system which had made them what they once had been. Their fervor helped both to provoke and to win the war, but 'had the achievement of national independence not been preceded by the movement for social revolution within the colonies, public affairs in America might have been conducted on a higher level of intelligence than that which has prevailed during the greater part of its history as a nation . . . . The public as a whole, the undifferentiated mass, took to itself credit for American nationality and identified its collective egotism with the virtue of patriotism.'

The comment prepares the reader for Mr. Martin's chapter on the French Revolution, which he treats as the classical instance of crowd psychosis, with its obsession of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, its egomania expressed in the doctrine of the sovereign people, and its homicidal impulses given free play by the guillotine. As to the futility of the Revolution, how could it be better illustrated than by the contrast between the Rights of Man and the despotism of Napoleon?

What the Revolution had shown, however, was its capacity for 'breaking down established habit patterns and releasing the criminal tendencies in human nature and the criminal elements in the community.' This aspect of revolutionary technique became prominent after 1848 had seen the exhaustion of the old humanitarian aspirations and the transfer of hatred from the priest and the landlord to

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the shareholder. It is, nevertheless, remarkable that the French Revolution should have fostered Communism, and Mr. Martin is able to throw an interesting trans-atlantic light on the process:—

'Many Americans before the Civil War were hardly more sparing than Karl Marx in their denunciation of capitalist industrialism. Many thousands of people had emigrated to those shores to escape that very system. There was therefore a strong agrarian hostility to the development and spread of New England industrialism in this continent . . . Horace Greeley himself was sufficiently influenced by Fourier to employ Karl Marx as regular foreign contributor to the *New York Tribune*. It was not until later that criticism of the capitalist system in the United States ceased to be respectable.'

In Europe, on the other hand, such criticism was revolutionary from the first, with the result that the old idealism was degraded into a conspiracy against the social order. As such, its hopes lay with the development of a satisfactory conspiratorial technique. For lack of it the Paris Commune failed. By the use of it Bolshevism succeeded. It only remained for Mussolini and Hitler to make a significant improvement on Lenin's technique. Instead of trading on the underdog's sense of inferiority they appealed to his pride by invoking his national spirit.

The wheel has now come full circle, and the very movement which started as a protest against despotism three hundred years ago has been converted into an engine for its establishment.

Japan Must Fight Britain

Japan Must Fight Britain. *By Toto Ishimaru. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1936.*

(Kurt von Stutterheim in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin)

JUST at this very moment, when England is staring, as if hypnotized, at the 'German peril,' there comes an alarm signal from the Far East. It comes from the gun of Toto Ishimaru, Lieutenant-Commander in the Imperial Japanese Fleet. Ishimaru has written a book which has been translated into English, and in which he examines Anglo-Japanese relations. The conclusions drawn from this examination are embodied in the title *Japan Must Fight Britain*.

Ishimaru bases this postulate on the fact that England has too much and Japan too little. And this Japanese deficiency is so enormous that Japan's only choice lies between war and suffocation—unless England gives way territorially and commercially by opening the Empire to Japanese trade and immigration. But since Ishimaru has no confidence in England's voluntary renunciation, only war can bring a decision, just as in 1914 the issue between England and Germany had to be decided by arms. Before the War it was Germany, today it is Japan, which is England's most dangerous competitor, and whose goods are forcing those of the English out of the Asiatic and African market. With the growth of her industry Japan has proved that she is able to win battles in time of peace as well as in time of war.

Ishimaru divides the inevitable war with England into two parts: a diplomatic and a military one. The decision in the latter struggle is to take place in Singapore. If Japan can take Singapore or put it out of action before a strong English squadron can get there, England's prospects for victory are nil. Thus the most essential thing for Japan to do is to have the outbreak of the war occur at a time when the British fleet is still far away. If she succeeds, and Singapore falls, Japan's submarines, airplanes and cruisers can catch the British fleet in the Indian Ocean or between the Malay Islands. This will mean that Japan will have an open route to Australia and the Dutch-East Indies. If, however, the coup against Singapore fails, Japan's situation will be serious. Ishimaru takes this risk fully into ac-

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count; for in his opinion Japan can choose only between war and starvation.

Ishimaru believes that the diplomatic danger is far greater than the military; for in the diplomatic field England is an unexcelled master. Although she lost the War against Germany in a military sense, she won it politically. Ishimaru has no doubt that, following her tradition, England will use all her diplomatic abilities to get others to fight for her. To thwart this manœuver he demands immediate reconciliation with Soviet Russia and the United States, as well as a rapprochement with France designed to force England to keep important military forces in the Mediterranean.

But what will happen if Moscow does not remain neutral, and Singapore does not fall? Then, says Ishimaru, Japan may lose this war, but only this one. For the unbroken strength of the Japanese people will rise again even after defeat, and by means of new wars will find a place in the sun. If, on the other hand, England loses the war, it will mean the end of the British Empire. For this reason there is much more at stake for England than there is for Japan; and thus Ishimaru's advice to England is to give in in time, rather than risk war.

Obviously Ishimaru takes into consideration many unknown factors, such as the attitude of the Soviet Union and the United States, while he regards China as merely the passive object of other nations' policies. But worse than this, he flirts with a great illusion. For in the eyes of this Japanese England is already declining, while young Japan is still inexorably rising. It is strange that Ishimaru, who so frequently draws a parallel between England and Germany and England and Japan, makes the same mistake Imperial Germany made in underestimating the English people. Is he blind to the fact that the English rise up like wild animals when they see their vital interests threatened—interests for the protection of which they are right now spending 300 million pounds? Ishimaru can easily see today how false is his belief that New York has replaced London as the money market of the world.

We do not know who is behind Ishimaru, nor whether the Tokyo authorities share his opinion that war with England is inevitable and that an unexpected attack on Singapore will be decisive. If Ishimaru's opinion is to be regarded as the official one, England actually is in grave danger, for her rearmament is not yet completed and Mussolini is threatening the British Mediterranean Fleet. Perhaps this was the secret behind Baldwin's 'sealed lips.' But to draw the conclusion that England's hour has struck is, to say the least, rash.

On the other hand, it is to the author's credit that he proves how black are the clouds that are gathering in the Far Eastern sky, and how deep the military and economic contrasts between the former allies have become. He has done this in a manner which for bluntness is unequaled. If an Anglo-Japanese war breaks out, *Japan Must Fight Britain* will be the warning signal.

[*The American edition of Ishimaru's book has been published by the Telegraph Press of Harrisburg, Pa., at $3.00.*]

The Russian Soul

SYMPHONIE PATHÉTIQUE. *By Klaus Mann. Amsterdam: Querido-Verlag. 1935.*

(Otto Zarek in the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest)

ARE the lives of artists interesting? The life of the composer Peter Tchaikovsky is, to a surprising degree. At a time when the literati, following the fashion, are on the trail of every fairly well-known figure and often, in order to obtain a juicy novel-plot, build up artificial scenery around a simple, unimportant, vegetative existence, the aloof personality of the Russian—all-too-Russian—musician Tchaikovsky promises a hero whom a sensitive author cannot approach without being captivated. Tchai-

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kovsky's familiar music proves to be the true mirror of his earthly existence. In him as in his six symphonies the spirit of Russia and that of the West are at war. The melancholia of the East is constantly oppressed by an unhappy love for the great forms of Western culture; oppressed, but seldom conquered. The Russian, drifting in soft melancholy, and never rising to determined structure, loves the serenity, the formal beauty, the heavenly clarity of Mozart, and bows down before them. But whenever he does rise, he is overcome by the lethargy of the 'Russian soul,' and he collapses in the knowledge that the high art has again slipped through his fingers.

Nothing would be more false than to overestimate the music of Tchaikovsky, to make a hero of its creator. Klaus Mann in his Tchaikovsky novel is out to make the reader experience the tragic struggle of the master. With fine skill he places the already mature and famous man in the center of a fast moving action. He shows the unhappy doubter, inwardly isolated, being led on great tours through Europe, helpless, yearning for his home like a child, even when he is being acclaimed. A vigorously alive and colorful world, the musical Europe of the eighties, is recreated anew in this novel, as seen with the eyes of the epic writer. There is the precious scene in the salon in Leipzig where Tchaikovsky encounters Edvard Grieg and Brahms; there is the first meeting with the greatest of conductors, Artur Nikisch, who all his life was Tchaikovsky's prophet; there is the whole musical world of Paris and London!

But this novel about a musician does not rise to the level of a novel about a man until the author places this outer world in opposition to the inner world of a great, celebrated, struggling, suffering, bitterly lonely human being. As so often in the case of envied celebrities, Tchaikovsky, too, was doomed to loneliness by destiny. In vain he seeks quiet in the dens of the Place Pigalle and in the company of fallen creatures. He wastes precious time pathetically seeking the favors of good-looking boys. It is that time which he should have used to make himself one of the 'Greatest.' Thus Tchaikovsky's own life becomes a *symphonie pathétique*.

Whoever knows the Klaus Mann's beginnings must be honestly surprised to see him at twenty-seven a finished, mature, indeed, a genuine poet. Himself highly talented, he had to struggle against the example of his great father. Now suddenly the oppressive shadows seem to have receded; he has become freed, himself. The style of the book has great strength and color, a peculiar personal charm of its own. The action, the leading from a glamorous upper world into a dark, consciously toned down 'underworld,' shot through with spiritual experience, is full of stirring drama. All the characters of this novel, which is rich in characters, this entire gallery of great names is presented with plastic power. Klaus Mann always remains the narrator in the best sense of the word: keeping aloof and yet observing acutely, he is sensitive even when he uncovers the wounds of an erring soul. He has succeeded in writing a rich, mature, stimulating and poetic book.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

WAR AND DIPLOMACY IN THE JAPANESE EMPIRE. *By Tatsuji Takeuchi. Introduction by Quincy Wright. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1935. 505 pages. $4.50.*

FROM the promulgation of the written Constitution of 1889 to the ratification of the London Naval Treaty in 1930, Japanese constitutional government, and, with it, parliamentary control of the executive, developed. The development took place in spite of frequent efforts of the military to thwart it. The tradition of civilian government was strengthening; the Diet was becoming an increasing participant in the formulation of policy; public opinion was on the verge of emerging as a factor in itself; and the eminent constitutional lawyer, Dr. Minobe, was able to assert that the Emperor was an organ of the State. Yet by 1930 these processes had not advanced very far when measured in terms of American or English democracies. Japan was still ruled by an exceedingly small group of families, functioning either through the Imperial Court, the army, the navy, the Privy Council, or the political parties. Through their elected representatives in the Diet, the public participated to an exceedingly limited extent in the formulation of domestic policies, and not at all in the foreign sphere. A powerful, and at times independent and liberal, press had developed, but too often it was curtailed by censorship or submitted to pressure groups.

After the ratification of the London Naval Treaty, in 1930, the trend was reversed. Before the determined opposition of effective army and navy groups the slow, steady progress in parliamentary and civilian government gave way to a gradual return to the old feudal system. But as it was the 1930's, the recession was not towards feudalism as such but toward its modern counterpart, military fascism. In this backward march we have seen, as milestones along the way, the occupation of Manchuria and the setting up of the puppet state of Manchukuo; the abortive attack on Shanghai; the occupation of Jehol; the North China 'autonomy' movement; the isolation of Japan from international collective machinery; and assassinations and gangsterism at home.

The issue is not yet determined. The parliamentary-civilian group still apparently holds the Government: the Emperor and court circles are with them. But, in terms of national budget, newspaper censorship, propaganda, and the control of the Foreign Office, the power of the military increases. Nevertheless the issue remains in the balance between these two great conservative factions of Japanese society.

It is exactly on this central issue in modern Japan that Professor Takeuchi's book throws floods of light. He has made available in English for the first time a detailed analysis of the conduct of Japan's foreign relations (wherein this issue is dramatically reflected) from 1890 through the critical years 1930–32. Eighteen chapters are devoted to describing the inner Tokyo machinations with respect to important episodes in the country's foreign policy, episodes such as the revision of unequal treaties, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, the Russo-Japanese War, the annexation of Korea, the Siberian Expedition, the Washington Conference, the murder of Chang Tso-lin, the London Naval Treaty, and the Manchurian crisis. The eight opening chapters analyze Japan's constitutional organization with special reference to external relations, and the final three chapters take up in review the conduct of foreign relations as practiced between 1889 and 1932.

The book is excellent for what it contains and also for what it wisely excludes. Professor Takeuchi concentrates almost exclusively on the political and diplomatic negotiations between the Cabinet, the military branches, the Genro, the Privy Council, the Emperor, the court, and the upper and lower houses of Parliament with reference to episodes in the country's foreign relations. Anyone at all acquainted with Japan's social and economic problems will find these reflected in the complicated negotiations the book describes. It is as though the forces determining Japanese policy were viewed as a pyramid with the great underlying social and economic factors at the base, the various institutional organizations of Japanese society at the center, and the political expression at the top. Professor Takeuchi describes this top segment, where the underlying forces below are given political expres-

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sion and form. The author does not attempt to expose the underlying factors themselves. Thus he does thoroughly a job which can be done in a single volume and by a student of law and international relations. He does not tread where the path, for him, would be uncertain.

Particular mention should be made of the author's courage in allowing this exceedingly valuable book to appear at this time. Tatsuji Takeuchi is professor of international relations at Kwansei Gakuin University, a young man beginning an academic career in Japan. His book, though objective, is certain to meet with displeasure in military-Fascist circles, and these, we know, can and do interrupt liberal academic careers. Notwithstanding this danger, there is no indication that the author has withheld any evidence for fear of the consequences of publishing it.

—Frederick V. Field

Survey of International Affairs, 1934. *By Arnold J. Toynbee et al. London: Oxford University Press. 1935. 743 pages. $10.00.*

YEAR after year, since the publication of the first *Survey* in 1925 (covering the period 1920–1923), scholars and informed readers eagerly await the appearance of the latest contribution to this series to summarize, clarify, and interpret the international history of the recent past. Brought out under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs and the editorship of Professor Toynbee, the volumes have all been distinguished for solidity of scholarship combined with brilliance of writing.

Part One of the *Survey* for 1934 is devoted to a sketch of economic developments throughout the world. There are excellent sections on the continuing financial and economic difficulties of the United States, the weakening of the European gold bloc, the German debt situation, and the evidences of recovery in the ABC powers of Latin-America and the British overseas dominions. Of especial interest is the conclusion reached at the end of this portion of the work, that 'the principal advantage of currency depreciation . . . was not the stimulus to exports and the check to imports, but the capacity to pursue, within the national borders, liberal monetary and economic policies unshackled by care for threatened gold reserves. . . . On the other hand, the principal disadvantage of the situation for the countries still on gold was not the direct injury to their foreign trade but the need for still tighter internal deflation to bring their own price-systems into harmony with external prices as expressed in gold. For in no instance . . . was the fall of the national currency against gold accompanied by even an approximately equal rise of prices expressed in the national currency.'

The second part of the *Survey* is concerned with Middle Eastern affairs from 1931 until the close of 1934. Main stress is laid upon the minorities question in Iraq and the kingdom's final 'emancipation' from its mandatory régime. Other sections deal with Pan-Islam, the admission of Turkey and Afghanistan to membership in the League of Nations, the settlement of half-a-dozen troublesome Arabian frontier disputes, the economic development of Palestine, Great Britain's relations with her Near Eastern mandates, and the interesting controversy between London and Teheran over the concession to the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The settlement reached by the disputants in this last connection is characterized as being 'neither inequitable nor oppressive to either of the two principals.'

Europe is the subject of the third and longest portion of the *Survey*. In the first footnote to the Introduction (itself a lengthy and excellent summary of the general trends of European diplomacy in 1934) to this part, occur these remarkable lines—lines deserving of long thought and reflection: 'If we think of the years 1918–34 in terms of the years 1815–48, which were the "post-war period" after the General War of 1792–1815, we shall find in Monsieur Poincaré our closest latter-day counterpart of Metternich. . . . The respective results of the two statesmen's endeavors are proportionate to the difference in the degree of their genius. The *tour de force* of imposing fixity upon a political flux, which a Metternich managed to keep up for thirty-three years, was only kept up for some fifteen years by a Poincaré.'

After this Introduction follow descriptions of recent Soviet and Baltic foreign policies, of the strained relations between Nazi Germany and the Austria of Dollfuss and Starhemberg, of Italy's diplomatic maneuverings in respect of Austria and Hungary, of the Balkan Pact, and of the final settlement of the Saar problem. In the opinion of the author of the

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section on the Saar, the solving of this question made it 'manifest that, if once the territorial conflict between the two principal Powers of Continental Europe were removed from the arena, the whole international situation in Europe was likely to improve almost beyond the range of imagination.'

Part Four of the *Survey* deals with the Far East. Following sections on the internal developments in China and Japan, come discussions of Sino-Japanese, Soviet-Japanese, and Western-Japanese relations, and an interesting final section on events in 'Manchuria,' Mongolia, Sinkiang, and Tibet. The volume closes with a useful chronology of events for 1934 and five good maps.

It is hardly possible to do justice, in so brief a review, to the labor and care that went into the making of the *Survey* for 1934. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that they who may read and ponder it will close this volume wiser and better men.

WALTER CONSUELO LANGSAM

INSIDE EUROPE. *By John Gunther. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1936. 470 pages. $3.50.*

IN THIS country we are now fast at work establishing traditions; but few traditions are so remarkable as that of the American newspaperman reporting Europe. Where Lincoln Steffens left off, Vincent Shean and Dorothy Thompson began, and now the Fischers, Knickerbockers, and Mowrers are done one better by John Gunther of the Chicago *Daily News*, who summarizes his knowledge of twenty countries in a full-bodied volume.

The outstanding quality of this political Baedeker, beyond its comprehensiveness, is its aerial method of travel. Mr. Gunther is an expert at the quick glance and *aperçu:* 'The foreign policy of Spain is very simple: it is to stay behind the Pyrenees;' 'The chief crop of provincial Austria is—scenery.' He is a retailer of lightly revealing footnotes on the august: Hitler likes best to stay in his Alpine chalet, from which he can look out upon his native Austria; the Franco-Soviet rapprochement was thickened by Herriot's trip to Moscow and his huge participation in its caviar; Stalin is partial to an American brand of tobacco, but tries to keep it under cover. He is a reporter of those whispered café-table jokes which reveal, more than anything else, the reactions of people against dictators; and this makes his narrative sometimes more subterranean than aerial.

Yet these showers of anecdotes do not convict *Inside Europe* of frivolity. They are introduced to support a serious thesis: Mr. Gunther believes that the strict economic interpretation of history has been overdone, and that in political destiny the force of personalities with all their accidents of heredity and environment is overwhelmingly felt. Fascist dictators are the products of social chaos, other writers have told us that; Mr. Gunther emphasizes that they have a psychopathology of their own, and he hauls Dr. Stekel of Vienna in to flank the personal histories and support some shrewd analysis.

Leaving immediate personalities, the book concerns itself ably with the history of the shifts in British, French, and Soviet foreign policy from the War through 1935; the seven chapters on Germany inside and out are supplemented by sections on the Little and Balkan Ententes and the ominous shifting of their grouping toward the Fascist orbit. While the author remains the impartial recorder throughout, it is clear that he is profoundly impressed by recent developments in the U.S.S.R.: the contrast between Moscow, despite all its crudity, and the central capitals he feels to be one between order and hysteria, youth and decay.

—WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

TOGO AND THE RISE OF JAPANESE SEA POWER. *By Edwin A. Falk. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1936. 508 pages. $4.00.*

THIS carefully documented biography of one of Japan's leaders in its overnight emergence from medieval isolation to a dominant position in the politics of the western Pacific sets out to be the portrait of a great admiral by a naval man who is himself steeped in the glamor and the traditions of sea warfare. Each minor engagement in a long life of fighting English, Chinese and Russian ships is described with meticulous detail. The technique of 'the Nelson touch,' about which the young Togo is said to have dreamt when the ship taking him, as a student cadet, to London passed Cape Trafalgar, is on every page. The range of 16 inch guns and the technique of mine-sweeping are described with the special, theological fervor of professional navalists.

But the book does not stop at this. The paradox of a Satsuma boy, brought up with

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sabers and bows and arrows, becoming one of the master naval strategists of the twentieth century has forced the biographer back of the simple profile of an admiral to the depths and shadows of the Japanese world for which he fought. There is no new material here, and the political and military history of the fall of the Shogunate is emphasized to the exclusion of almost all the social and economic forces which were disrupting the close-girt seacoast of the Island Empire. But it is an accurate and readable running story of the miracle of a modern nation's birth.

In describing the exploits of one of the grimmest of all naval commanders, the author has not allowed his respect for the naval talent of his subject to blur the outlines of his personality. The very paucity of material about Togo's personal life sharpens the picture of him as an austere professional, driven by a blend of new nationalist fanaticism and older Japanese traditional virtues. And the author leaves in no obscurity the western origin of much of Togo's brutality and savagery, as well as of his steel-armored battleships and his navigation science.

In 1894, when no war had been declared between China and Japan, Togo met a British tramp steamer, the *Kowshing*, on its way to Korea. It carried 1,100 Chinese troops, but was under the command of a British officer. When the troops objected to being convoyed by the Japanese man-of-war, and threatened to delay Togo, he opened fire, and in five minutes the *Kowshing* plunged out of sight. After rescuing the British master and a German mercenary officer, Togo's smaller guns opened fire on the few boats that had been launched and on the Chinese still struggling in the sea.

The author of this biography states such incidents with the dispassionate flavor of any technician describing a successful operation. But in sketching the background of Togo's life, he has made it clear that the Japanese admiral went to school to the west in more than naval science. In 1863 British warships had blown the paper town of Kagoshima into bits, killing thousands of civilians, and then, after destroying the fortifications at Shimonoseki, presented the Japanese with a demand for payment not only of the cost of the expedition but also of a ransom because the town of Shimonoseki had not been destroyed!

—Joseph Barnes

Foreign Policy in the Far East. *By Taraknath Das. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1936. 272 pages. $2.00.*

OWING mainly to his keen appreciation of the central rôle played by Great Britain in world imperialist politics, the author of this collection of essays has produced a valuable and stimulating addition to the study of Far Eastern international relations. The chapters on the complicated shifts of inter-imperialist alliances during the nineteenth century, with particular reference to the Far East, constitute an accurate and brilliant historical résumé. No better summary introduction to this subject exists than Chapters III to VI of this volume.

On the more recent Far Eastern issues, however, summarized in Chapter VII, there is much greater room for disagreement with the author's interpretations. Arguments may be raised, for example, with regard to the following points: the author's stress on the extent and depth of Anglo-Japanese rivalry in the present epoch; his playing down of the conflicts of interest between Japan and the United States; the 'defeat' of the Chinese Communist forces by Chiang Kai-shek; and the possibility of a Soviet-Japanese understanding which will assure Japan's neutrality in case a third power attacks the Soviet Union. In the final chapter, which constitutes a glowing eulogy of the altruistic nature of the foreign policies of the Roosevelt administration, the author's pro-American inclinations lead him to extremely naïve conclusions. His general position with regard to the present-day tactics of American imperialism is well summarized in this sentence: 'Under the leadership of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull the United States has embarked upon a new era of international diplomacy, based upon the ideals of freedom, justice and peace for all nations.'

In general, the fundamental defect in the author's philosophic outlook is the tendency to ascribe current difficulties to conflicting foreign policies instead of to the controlling influence exerted by underlying economic trends, illustrated in the following statement: 'The present-day "world depression," which has affected the internal conditions of all nations, is the product of the World War; and the World War was caused by the conflicting foreign policies of various nations.'

—T. A. Bisson

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THE MAKING OF MODERN IRAQ, A PRODUCT OF WORLD FORCES. *By Henry A. Foster. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1935. 319 pages. Maps. $4.00.*

IRAQ, FROM MANDATE TO INDEPENDENCE. *By Ernest Main. Foreword by Lord Lloyd of Dolobran. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1936. 267 pages. $4.00.*

THE natives of Iraq have a saying which vividly expresses the fertility of a region, which since the beginning of written history has been one of the foci of civilization. 'If you tickle her soil,' the proverb goes, 'it smiles a crop.'

Professor Foster, who cites this epigram, has written an account of this bitterly contested earthly Eden, which entitles him to the lasting gratitude of all students of the Near East. It is his contention that 'the new Iraq must stand in considerable measure for the deliberate repudiation of the practice of annexation by victors' and that her reception into the League of Nations demonstrates the capacity of the great Powers to act on the principle of 'world neighborliness,' even to admittedly backward and helpless nations. To illustrate this thesis (which is not receiving much confirmation from Mussolini in his 'civilizing' mission in Ethiopia) Professor Foster has assembled a mass of historical, economic, political and cultural material bearing on the history of Iraq from the earliest times. At every stage we see the clash of interests converging from all points of Europe, watch the development of nationalist ambitions under the 'encouragement' now of one Power now of another. Facts, documents and reports abound: of particular value is the very extensive account of the British period, beginning with the 'mandate' experience.

Dr. Main, an experienced British journalist with a scholar's background, supplements Foster's monograph, and amplifies the concrete economic problems of Iraq as they relate to Great Britain's rôle. He frankly believes that 'British interest and British honor are involved' all along the line—and demonstrates this thesis by an unusually full account of the strategic factors of Iraq in the fields of communications, airways and transportation (the oil tangle centering around Mosul), in agriculture, trade and industry. Along with this plea for continued British 'influence'—if not overt control—over Iraq the reader is given some remarkable pictures of the actual life and customs of the natives, including the Bedouins and Arabs whom Lawrence of Arabia led—with more harm than good, according to Dr. Main. Indispensable volumes, both of them.

—HAROLD WARD

THE ABANDONED WOOD. *By Monique Saint-Hélier. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1936. 334 pages. $2.50.*

MISS Saint-Hélier's novel was honored with the France-America Award. It is an intimate, carefully-observed, sentimental story of French country life. So delicate a *vin du pays* could not, however, survive the passage into a foreign tongue unspoiled. Mr. James Whitall (once a collaborator with George Moore) has done his work of translation as well as anyone could have done it, but he has failed, as anyone else must have done, in conveying the fragrance of the original.

—H. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE EVE OF 1914. *By Theodore Wolff. Translated by E. W. Dickes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $4.50.*

(Reviewed in 'Books Abroad,' December, 1935.)

A HISTORY OF EUROPE. *By H. A. L. Fisher. Volume III. The Liberal Experiment. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936. $4.00.*

(Reviewed in 'Books Abroad,' February, 1936.)

SOVIET COMMUNISM: A NEW CIVILIZATION? *By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Two Volumes. New York: Scribners. 1936. $7.50.*

(Reviewed in 'Books Abroad,' January, 1936.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PICTURE DEALER. *By Ambroise Vollard. Translated from the French by Violet M. Macdonald. With illustrations. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $4.50.*

(Reviewed in 'Books Abroad,' March, 1936.)

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AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

A Symposium

THE LIVING AGE has recently asked certain members of its Advisory Council to express their opinions on two of the most important problems confronting America today. As our regular subscribers know, our Advisory Council consists of persons of distinction in the educational, professional, official, financial and industrial life of the nation. The questions on which we asked these gentlemen to give us their opinions were: 1. Do you believe that, on the basis of what the League of Nations has and has not done since its foundation, the United States of America should or should not become a member of it, or should coöperate in its sanctions? 2. What do you believe to be the wisest neutrality policy for the United States, both in respect to the Italo-Ethiopian War and in case of further European hostilities?

The response to THE LIVING AGE's request for expressions of opinion on these topics was gratifying indeed. Some of the letters which have been received are presented in what follows; others will be given in the June *Living Age;* and the final instalment of them will probably be published in July.

One very earnest group of correspondents expresses regret that the United States did not retain membership in the League of Nations after President Wilson signed the Treaty of Versailles, subject, of course, to the action of the Senate, which failed to ratify it. This group of correspondents believes that the world would be a better and a safer place today had we become a member of the League.

Another and equally articulate group expresses forcibly the view that whatever might have been the course of wisdom and sound policy in 1919, the United States should not now subscribe to the Covenant of the League of Nations. Others believe that the United States should coöperate cordially with the League of Nations without becoming a member of it, while the consensus of opinion of still other correspondents is that participation in the League of Nations would have been a mistake for this country from the beginning. Others, though of this opinion, are willing to acknowledge that the League of Nations deserves credit for what it has done.

On the other hand, some of our friends express the view that the League of Nations, if it ever had any real value, has exhausted its usefulness and should now 'disband.' Another conclusion frequently expressed is that the League of Nations is essentially a European organization with which the United States should not actively coöperate as a member or as an independent nation.

It is interesting, finally, that a number of letters advise against joining the League of Nations or coöperating with it because certain nations members of the League have repudiated their honest debts.

Some of our correspondents assume that THE LIVING AGE is for or against the League of Nations, or that it advocates or opposes certain international policies which have been the subject of much controversy and debate. Because of its desire to secure expressions of opinion from its correspondents uninfluenced by anything that it might say, THE LIVING AGE has sought, for the present, to be entirely impartial and neutral upon all of the issues presented.

ONE of the most interesting letters received was from Dr. H. A. Garfield, former President of Williams College, and Chairman of the Institute of Politics, an organization which performed a world serv-

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ice of genuine importance for many years. Dr. Garfield said in part:—

Ever since the days of the League to Enforce Peace I have been in favor of the ideas embodied in the covenant of the League. In my view the United States should have become a party to the League and shared in its responsibilities. Isolation and the narrow nationalism advocated by many of our fellow citizens seem to me chimerical. Strong as she is, America cannot stand alone, and her widespread interests dictate that she should not seek to do so. Our responsibilities are coextensive with the strength that is ours.

As to our neutrality policy I have not yet reached a firm conclusion, except to this extent: I do not favor tying the hands of our Chief Executive. In other words, flexibility and not rigidity should characterize the policy, and the exercise of the functions which make for flexibility should be in the hands of the President and not of Congress, subject only to such general limitations as the act conferring power upon the President should designate. The reason for my hesitancy concerning the neutrality policy is the difficulty of formulating the act. Too great haste here may lead us into war rather than out of it.

ANOTHER communication of exceptional interest was that received from Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase, Chancellor of New York University. Dr. Chase writes as follows:—

While I think the League of Nations has been many times inactive, has been on occasions a catspaw for some of the larger powers, and has engaged in a hopeless attempt to maintain the status agreed on by the Treaty of Versailles, I still regard it as an indication of the path which the world must ultimately travel. Surely in the long run nations cannot live together by isolating themselves from each other and arming desperately against each other. I do not believe that the United States by a merely negative policy of isolation can in the end stay clear of a world disturbance of first magnitude. It therefore seems to me clear that, if not the present League of Nations, then some other international agency of accord must become an effective instrument in the affairs of mankind. The alternative is nothing less than the collapse of civilization as we have known it.

FROM Dr. George W. Douglas, associate editor of the *Evening Public Ledger* (Philadelphia), and a man who has had a long and interesting career as newspaper reporter, author, and editorial writer, came the following communication:—

The Covenant of the League of Nations was formed in the hope that it might, when approved by the various nations, discourage, if not prevent, war. I have always regretted that the inability of President Wilson to agree to some minor changes, which did not seriously affect the general purpose of the Covenant, prevented the United States from entering the League. If the United States had been a member of the League, that organization might have accomplished the things intended a little more successfully. But it should be noted that the League, like all other organizations, can do no more than its members are willing to do under any given set of circumstances. It should also be noted that the League is the embodiment of an aspiration toward an ideal condition for which the world in the present state of civilization is not yet prepared.

It is too early to decide what effect it will have upon the Ethiopian situation, but it is evident that its influence in the European crisis has been beneficial. If there had been no League, it is probable that when Hitler moved troops into the Rhine provinces, the French would have marched their own troops there to resist the advance of the Germans. The effectiveness of the League would have been strengthened if the United States had been a member and had thrown its influence in favor of a peaceful settlement of the dispute with Hitler.

Regarding sanctions, even though the United States is not a member of the League, President Roosevelt did all that was within his power to coöperate with the League when it planned to impose sanctions upon Italy. He did his best to discourage shipments of war materials to Italy. As a member of the League the United States would never have to do anything which it did not want to do; for, according to the plan, it was to be a permanent member of the Council, and there was to be unanimous agreement in the Council before its decisions became effective.

In the present state of opinion in the United States, however, discussion of its relation to the League is purely academic.

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ANOTHER editor and journalist, E. R. Eastman, president and editor of the *American Agriculturist* of Ithaca, New York, is optimistic concerning the world of the future, though he thinks 'a few funerals of the so-called diplomats of the old school' might hasten the realization of his hopes. Mr. Eastman writes:—

When the young pioneer and his bride left their New England home, and turned for the last look backward at the forest edge, well they knew that chances were they would never see their old home, never look their relatives and friends in the face again on this earth. Distances were so far because of lack of communication and transportation that the pioneer who went West might almost as well have gone to another planet.

But we don't even have to go back to the short time, as history measures time, of pioneer days. Any middle-aged man who lived as a boy in a country community a brief forty or fifty years ago well remembers how isolated country neighborhoods were one from another, and how the people just over the hill were more or less strangers and therefore to be largely misunderstood and under suspicion. Today go to any large meeting of farmers and note how through improved methods of transportation the farm folk of a whole county, even of a whole world, have become neighbors, and how they work together for the common good.

It seems to me that in these changes within our own experience we see the hope of peace in the world for the future. Because of transportation and communication the whole world is fast becoming one neighborhood. If, therefore, we can let down the barriers, give these modern facilities of getting together an opportunity to work, the misunderstanding and suspicion of one another's motives are bound to disappear. Perhaps we need a few funerals of the so-called diplomats of the old school and a placing of new leaders who will use the opportunity made by new methods of transportation and communication to bring about better understanding among men. We boast of our modern civilization, but where is it when men fight as readily and more viciously than ever? The responsibility for this must rest on the leaders, for the peoples of the world are overwhelmingly for peace.

America talks of strict neutrality—of keeping out of European embroilments. But such talk is futile. Because of modern invention we are all near neighbors, all inter-dependent. What affects one, affects all. If our neighbors fight, sooner or later we will be drawn in. Hence the imperative necessity of using our tremendous influence either through the League of Nations or in coöperation with our great Anglo-Saxon cousin, Great Britain, to work for peace.

C. A. DYKSTRA of Cincinnati, Ohio, one of the earliest and most successful 'City Managers,' has expressed briefly these views:—

I am one of the old-fashioned devotees of the idea of a League of Nations, and I hope the time will come when we can participate in its activities. Moreover, I should be glad to see the program worked out which would curb the trade in munitions and war materials, so that war would be a very difficult policy to prosecute.

FROM George A. Barton, Professor Emeritus of the University of Pennsylvania, has come a much appreciated letter. Professor Barton writes as follows:—

It has long seemed to me that in view of the close relationship into which modern systems of communication have bound the nations of the world, together with the great advance in the ability to destroy, it is imperative, if humanity is to continue to live on this planet at all, that some sort of a world federation, such as the League of Nations, with authority to restrain selfishly aggressive powers, be established. The League of Nations is the first great step toward such a structure, and, in my judgment, should receive the hearty support and coöperation of the United States. Had this country been a part of the League when it was formed, I am convinced that its success in preventing the unhappy episodes which have occurred since would have been very much greater. It is true that often to restrain an aggressor it is necessary to apply 'sanctions,' and sanctions may mean a small war, but in the end such a war is far less costly than world-wide conflagration.

That we as a nation refused to join the League has always seemed to me greatly to our discredit. Three motives, I have noted,

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have often been assigned for our action: first, that we are safely protected by the great oceans and are not, ourselves, in danger; second, that it is not our business to pull European chestnuts out of the fire, or to pay for doing so; and, third, that we are so inexperienced in diplomatic finesse that were we members of the League European nations would always succeed in making us an instrument for the accomplishment of their purposes. All these reasons seem to me unworthy. They appear to arise partly from selfishness and partly from an inferiority complex.

It is quite true that the League as formed lacks much that is desirable. Such deficiencies are, however, due to the present backward ethical state of the world. The ideal League should be able to deal dispassionately with such problems of over-population and the need for relief from it as are driving Japan and Italy into their present selfishly aggressive courses. Until the human race has so evolved that nations that have unoccupied territory are willing to turn it over for colonization to peoples like the Italians and Japanese, or until national feeling has broadened so that individual nations can see their subjects migrate to another territory without feeling aggrieved that they must lose control over their persons, such painful incidents must continue to arise and will undoubtedly create much friction. That, however, seems to me no reason for refusing to support the one organization (namely, the League of Nations) which affords us any hope for the gradual building up in the world of a common understanding that will result in the building up of an international world point of view on the part of all peoples.

Meantime, if the United States is determined to refuse to join the League of Nations it certainly seems to me that she ought to be willing to coöperate in enforcing such sanctions against an aggressor-nation as the League of Nations may impose. Had we been willing to coöperate with Great Britain and the League in enforcing oil sanctions against Italy this past summer the independence of Abyssinia need not have been sacrificed to the nationalistic ambitions of a stronger nation, in violation of that nation's pledged word, as seems now likely to be the case.

ONE of the most impressive and striking communications received, in spite of its brevity, came from President Raymond Leslie Buell of the Foreign Policy Association. Mr. Buell said:—

In my opinion, the year 1936 may see a turning point in world affairs. It is possible that the trend will continue toward war, but if wise statesmanship prevails, we may see a new peace conference such as was recently suggested by London.

There are many obstacles which will have to be overcome before this conference can be held. I doubt very much whether the policy of the United States toward Europe will change materially until the situation begins to clear up. Should this world conference be convened, then certainly the United States should participate in so far as the economic and armament matters are concerned. No one in Europe today expects the United States to join the League, but there is a general hope that the United States will not obstruct the development of the League. The events of the coming months will determine whether the League is to live or give way to a new balance of power. Only when the results of this are known, will it be possible to consider a reorientation of American foreign policy.

I think this country in its exaggerated armament program is contributing to the feeling of general insecurity. America is in a better position than any other power to keep its head, but instead of doing it, she is suffering from a severe case of jitters.

HENRY L. STODDARD, of New York City, author, editor, and newspaper publisher, expresses strong opposition to the United States becoming a member of the League of Nations 'at any time, for any reason.' Mr. Stoddard's letter continues:—

The problems of the League are the problems of Europe and of prejudices and traditions with which we must never be identified.

President Wilson undertook to do for Europe what it could not do for itself—and what a mess he made of it!

Our participation would mean that we would become the arbiter of all the barbaric instincts now shown in the attitude toward each other of practically all the so-called statesmen of Continental Europe. They are not statesmen—they are merely inflamers of their home people whose passion for peace and good-will would prevail in every country if

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their governments would not stir them to war and hatred. It is the man at the top who is keeping the world on a basis of barbarism—postponing indefinitely the civilized state which we boast but which does not exist.

England is burdened with responsibility for leadership toward peace. She is carrying it with true British sturdiness. She understands it better than we ever can. Where England cannot succeed in such a mission, there is no possibility that the United States could.

No—let us stick to our knitting here at home. We shall find plenty to occupy us if we keep to that pattern that every President but Wilson believed in and followed.

All power to the League of Nations. I wish it well. It has done more good than it is popularly credited with. Let it keep on—but it does not need and should not have us.

As for neutrality, there would be none by us if war should come in Europe. Among our citizens we have too many of every nationality for us to be free of their influence. Every politician will figure where the most votes of foreign-born citizens are—and will plump for them. Any legislation that stands in the way would be repealed before a war gets far, and our factories would be speeded up to supply the demand.

Did Texas limit oil shipments to Italy? Didn't the 'deserving Democrats' of the Lone Star State convince Jim Farley (and through him the Administration) that oil prosperity in Texas was essential to electoral votes from that State, while 'sanctions' against oil would have another meaning? So oil went out to Italy by ship loads and the electoral vote stays in for Roosevelt.

That is just an example of the neutrality and 'sanctions' bosh.

A DISTINGUISHED educator, Professor Norman Mackenzie of the University of Toronto, while expressing his reluctance, as a Canadian, to comment upon the international policies of the United States, has favored us nevertheless with interesting observations. In part, they follow:—

I believe that war can be prevented if peoples and their governments are serious in their desire to prevent it. War cannot be prevented unless all of the Great Powers and the majority of the smaller ones are prepared to work together to that end. To achieve this three things seem essential.

1. The guaranty of reasonable security to every state. This can only be done by the collective guaranty of the majority of nations to assist any nation attacked.

2. Adequate measures to ensure that justice be done as between state and state, and to provide for the necessary changes that must be made from time to time in the relations of states.

3. Some form of international organization and regulation in those fields in which organization and regulation seem necessary or desirable.

The League of Nations is an institution or method by means of which fifty-eight of the sixty-four nations in the world are attempting to prevent war along the lines I have indicated above. I have always felt that the strength of the United States, together with the other League members, would have guaranteed security while her detached position coupled with her strength would have gone a long way toward achieving justice, in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and toward securing the necessary changes from time to time. Her withdrawal in 1920 from the League and all that it represents has (again in my opinion) been largely responsible for the failure of that institution to deal adequately with so many of the problems that have come before it. The League can function without the United States, but the excuse for not functioning in the absence of the United States is so obvious and available that it is unlikely that any state member of the League will make the sacrifices that are necessary if the League is to prove effective. This is particularly true in the case of sanctions: for why should any nation agree to coöperate in the application of sanctions if that merely means transferring a market to the United States?

The United States' policy of isolation, while difficult to maintain in the event of war, may be practicable. It is wise and desirable only if the United States is convinced that there is no hope of preventing war and never will be any such hope. On this assumption it is probably wise and feasible for the United States to remain aloof. But in so doing, the people and Government should not overlook the fact that they will suffer from the indirect consequences of another world war even if they escape the direct ones.

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Personally, I believe this policy is a counsel of despair and hopelessness, and I do not approve of it. Nor do I agree with the arguments so often used in condemning the League because of the nature of its personnel, membership, and control. Certainly self-interest motivates the policies of its members, but of what human institution is that not true? To expect that it or international society will be different or better at some other time, presumably after the next war, is childish as well as foolish and completely overlooks the experience taught us by Paris and Versailles.

If we are really interested in peace, in the prevention of war, we must take human nature and human institutions exactly as we find them here and now, and make the best of them within the limits of our intelligence and ability. If we are not interested in the prevention of war—then isolation by all means.

AND here is the opinion of another prominent educator, Dean Edwin Watts Chubb of Ohio University:—

While I am not as enthusiastic a supporter of the League of Nations as I was several years ago, yet I recognize that it is the greatest organization assembled for the promotion of peace. It is the best clearing house that we have for world opinion. It furnishes a body of well-established international usages and methods of procedure. It also gives an opportunity for the smaller states to become vocal. Unfortunately the strength of the League for coöperative action is weakened by the absence of such countries as Germany, Japan, and the United States. Nations like individuals seem to be inherently selfish, and it likely will take a long process of evolution before a national unselfishness can be established as a national virtue. While the League has failed to stop the aggressions of Japan and Italy, it has condemned both as aggressors and has stopped several incipient wars between minor nations.

As to neutrality: I believe the United States should use every method possible to maintain a neutral position when European nations are engaged in hostilities. We gained nothing by our participation in the World War and we have nothing to gain in a future war. The man who minds his own business has a good steady occupation. We have enough business at home to occupy us as a nation without helping to settle the quarrels of others.

IN THE LETTERS presented above, the view which strongly favors the League of Nations and deprecates the United States' failure to support the League by joining it and coöperating with it appears to predominate. Other letters of the same general character, though each containing some special feature of interest, will be published in succeeding numbers of THE LIVING AGE. Meanwhile, the editors will welcome communications from readers on these and related topics. We agree with President Buell of the Foreign Policy Association that it is not unlikely that the present year will witness a real crisis in world affairs. Too much light may not be thrown upon nor may there be too much intelligent discussion of all phases of the subjects included in the present symposium, and for this reason, and within reasonable bounds, the columns of THE LIVING AGE are opened wide.

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

AS ITS name indicates, the Committee on Militarism in Education (2929 Broadway, New York, N. Y.) is an organization formed to oppose military training in public secondary schools and compulsory enrollment in military training units in civil institutions of college and university grade. As a substitute for military training it seeks to promote the establishment of modern physical education and citizenship training courses. Founded ten years ago, the Committee has carried on countless studies of military training in our schools and colleges, has vigorously opposed all efforts to extend military training in this country, and by propaganda and lobbying has sought to have compulsory military training abolished wherever there was any hope of doing so. Among its most recent activities has been its opposition to the War Department's program for expansion of the Reserve Officers Training Corps and to military training in the Civilian Conservation Corps. It supports students in their fight against military training and carries on extensive propaganda against it.

Though it has a little more money to spend today, the Committee on Militarism in Education still resembles very closely a description of it which was printed in *Harper's Magazine* a few years ago: 'There is that comparative ragamuffin, the Committee on Militarism in Education, which consists, for working purposes, of two young men in a dilapidated back-room furnished with chairs that must be sat on carefully lest they fall apart; budget, $8,000, and they're lucky if they get it; luncheons, if any, fifty cent ones, Dutch treat. Yet all over the country the military propagandists are constantly harassed by this Committee and unquestionably would like to put a bounty on the heads of the two young men.'

One of the most recent activities of the Committee has been to conduct a nation-wide contest in editorial writing for college students on the subject 'Why Congress Should Pass the Nye-Kvale Amendment' to the National Defense Act. This amendment would prohibit compulsory military training in civil schools and colleges.

THE Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40 Street, New York) announces that the entire first edition of its report on *Japan's Trade Boom: Does it Menace the United States?* by T. A. Bisson, was sold out within a month of publication. The pamphlet gives the latest statistics on Japanese-American trade, together with a discussion of their meaning, and concludes that Japanese competition is not a menace to American markets. A second edition has been issued.

THE World Peace Foundation (40 Mount Vernon Street, Boston) has recently added to the growing number of its excellent 'World Affairs Books' a study of *Latin America* by Stephen Duggan, Director of the Institute of International Education. The pamphlet skillfully reduces to brief compass the essential facts of South American geography, history, social institutions, politics, and economics.

ANOTHER recent publication on Latin America is *The United States and the Dominican Republic*, by Elizabeth W. Loughran and the Latin America Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace (1312 Massachusetts Avenue N. W., Washington, D. C.). This pamphlet, which is one of a series on Latin American relations, describes the events which led to our military occupation of the Dominican Republic from 1916 to 1922 and considers the results of that occupation.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

OUR story this month is by Norah Hoult, an Irish writer who has published several successful novels, including *Time, Gentlemen, Time!*, *Youth Can't Be Served*, and *Holy Ireland*. In addition to writing novels and short stories, Miss Hoult does literary criticisms for the *Dublin Review*, *Time and Tide*, and other papers. [p. 241]

THE subject of *Britain's Betting Business* is that 'commercialized exploitation of human folly,' that 'small man's reaction to a drab environment'—the betting pool. The English lower classes have been inveterate gamblers for small stakes for generations, but it is only since the War that the practice has assumed the proportions of a major industry. The *Economist's* article analyzes this industry thoroughly, and reaches some startling conclusions about it. [p. 250]

THIS month's 'Persons' include Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria, presented by a conservative Frenchman [p. 225]; Charles Maurras of the *Action Française* [p. 231]; and Marshal Tukhachevski of the Soviet Red Army [p. 234].

AMONG the reviewers of 'Books Abroad' this month are Harold J. Laski, professor of political science at the University of London and author of numerous books on government and politics; Kurt von Stutterheim, one of the *Berliner Tageblatt's* London correspondents; and Otto Zarek, a German novelist and *Dramaturg* now living in exile.

AND our own reviewers include Frederick V. Field, secretary of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations and editor of the *Economic Handbook of the Pacific Area;* Walter Consuelo Langsam, professor of modern European history at Columbia University and author of *The World since 1914;* William Harlan Hale, until recently of the staff of *Fortune* magazine and now writing a novel; Joseph Barnes, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, editor of the symposium *Empire of the East;* T. A. Bisson, Far Eastern expert of the Foreign Policy Association; and Harold Ward, a frequent contributor to THE LIVING AGE and other magazines.

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